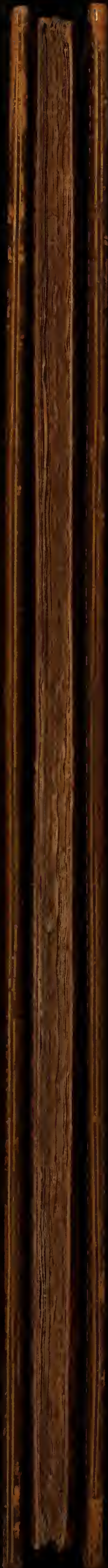


THE
MARRIAGES
OF THE
ARTS
—
HOLIDAY

LOND

1630









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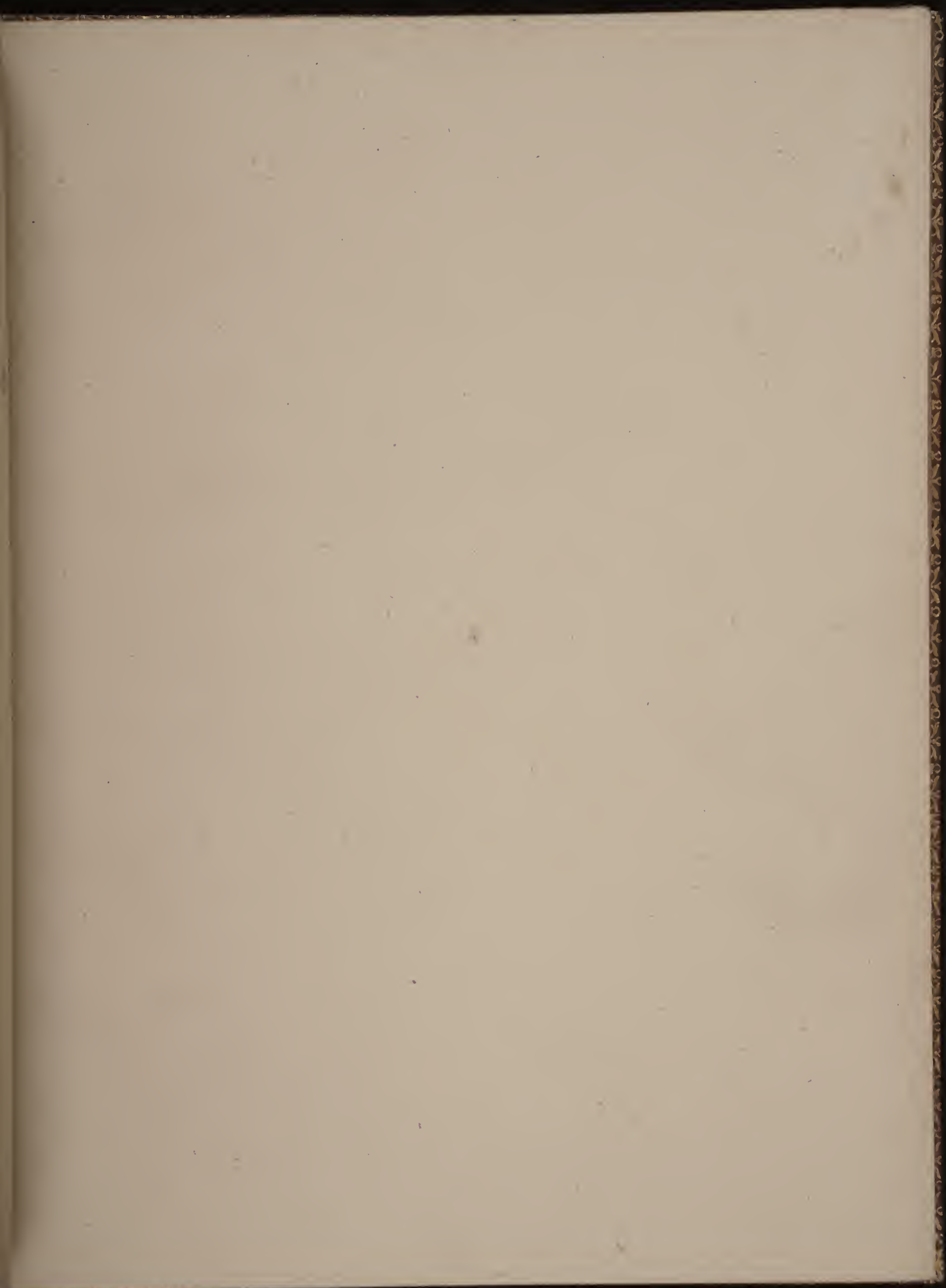
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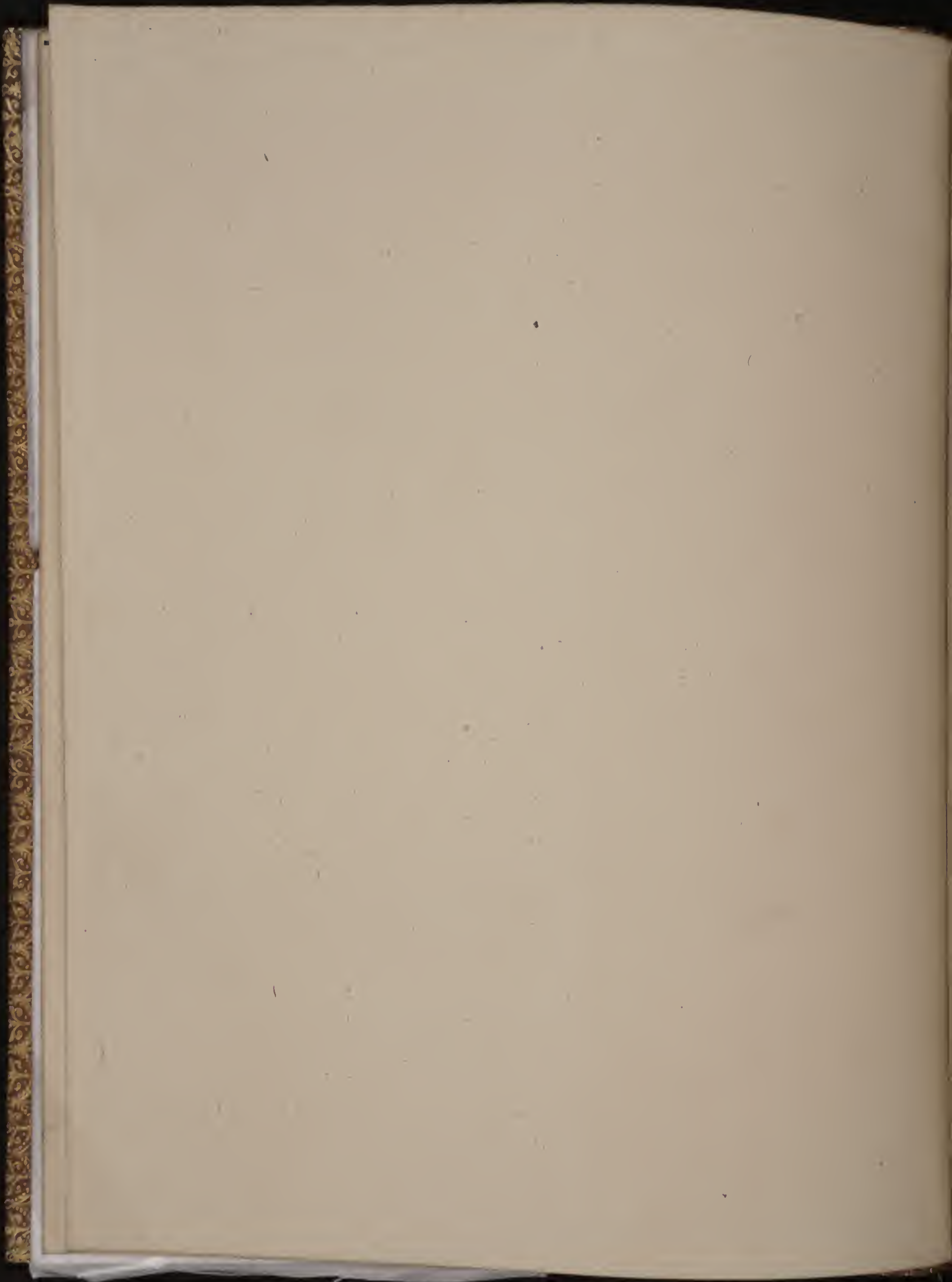
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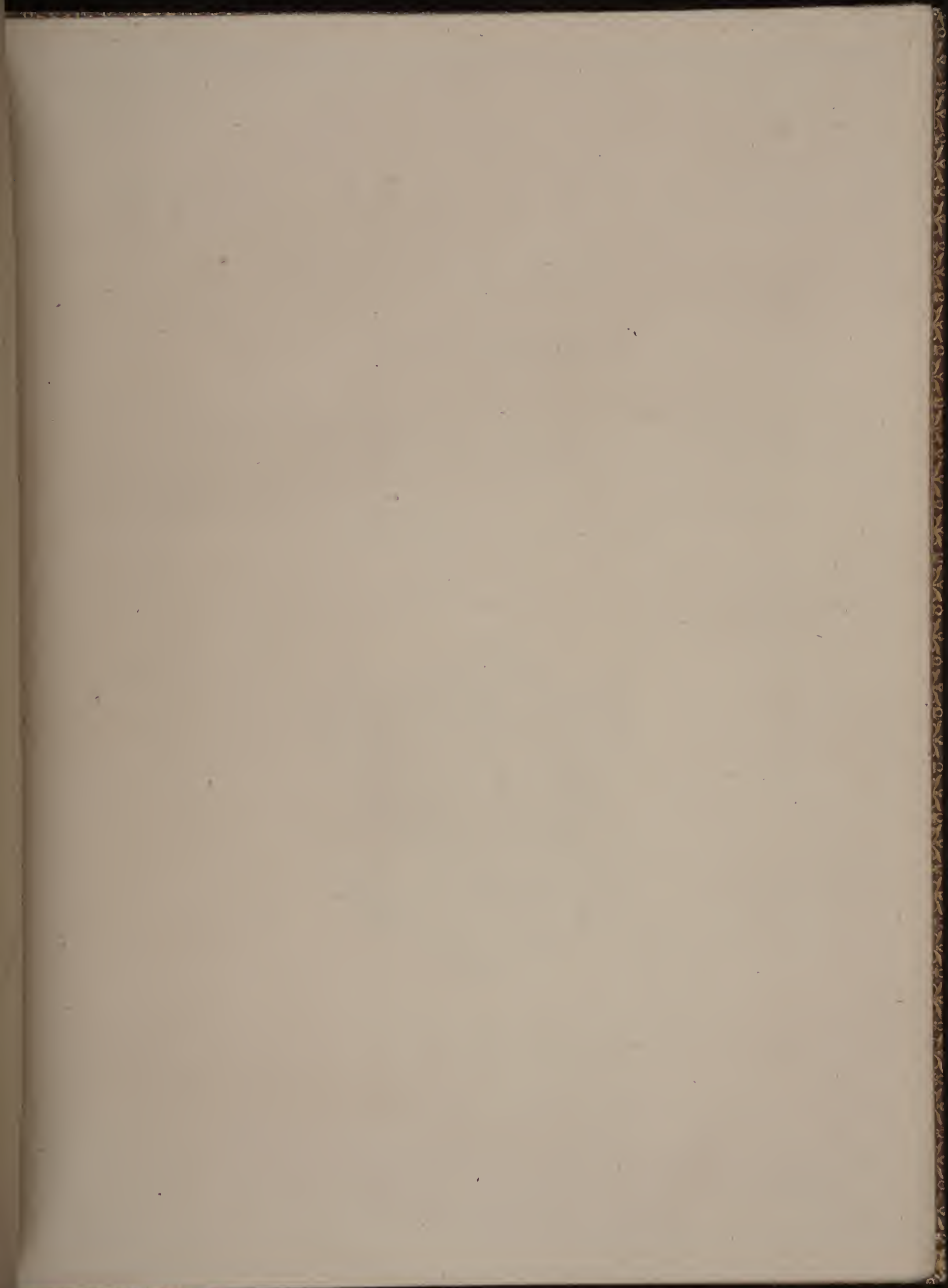
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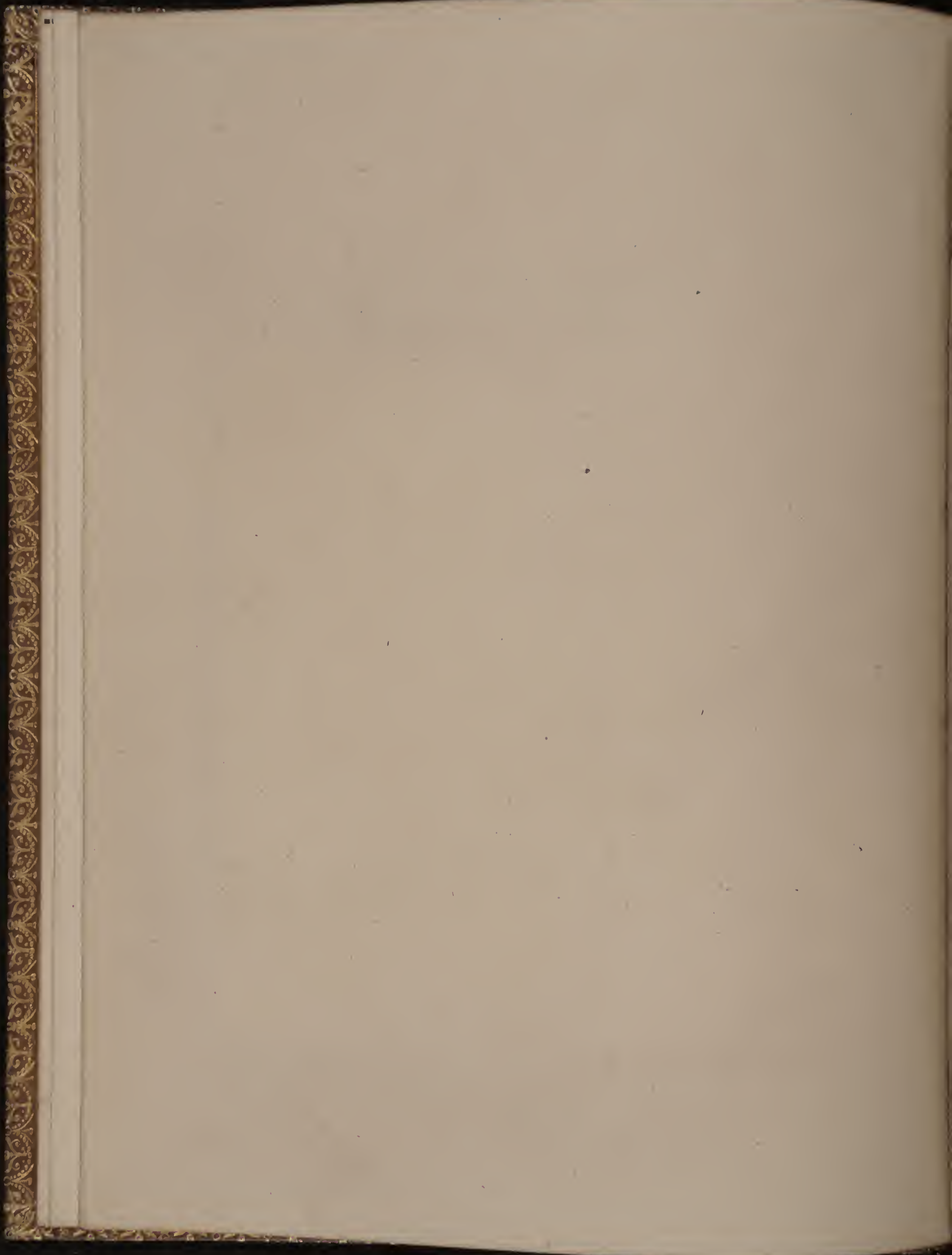
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ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ: 63023

OR

THE MARRIAGES
OF THE ARTS.

A Comedie

Written by BARTEN HOLIDAY,
Master of Arts, and Student of *Christ-Church* in Oxford,
and acted by the Students of the same House before the
Vniuersitie, at *Shroue-tide*.



LONDON,

Printed by *John Hawiland* for *Richard Meighen*, and are to be sold
at his shop next the middle Temple gate, and in *Saint Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleetstreet*. 1630.

Handwritten text in a script, possibly Urdu or Persian, located in the upper portion of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.



Handwritten text in a script, possibly Urdu or Persian, located in the lower portion of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.

The Actors.

POLITES,	<i>A Magistrate.</i>	MUSICA,	<i>Attendant on Astronomia.</i>
PHYSICA,		MEDICVS,	
ASTRONOMIA,	<i>Daughter to Physica.</i>	CAVSIDICVS,	
ETHICVS,	<i>An old man.</i>	MAGVS,	
OECONOMA,	<i>Wife to Ethicus.</i>	ASTROLOGIA,	<i>Wife to Magus.</i>
GEOGRAPHVS,	<i>A traveller, and courtier : in loue with Astronomia.</i>	PHANTASTES,	<i>Servant to Geographus.</i>
GEOMETRES,	<i>In loue with A- stronomia.</i>	MELANCHO- LICO,	<i>Poeta's man.</i>
ARITHMETICA,	<i>In loue with Geometres.</i>	CHOLER,	<i>Grammaticus his Vsher.</i>
LOGICVS,		SANGVIS,	<i>Medicus his man.</i>
GRAMMATICVS,	<i>A schoolema- ster.</i>	PHLEGMATI- CO,	<i>Logicus his man.</i>
POETA,		PHYSIOGNO- MVS,	} <i>Gypses, and Fortune- tellers.</i>
HISTORIA,	<i>In loue with Poeta.</i>	CHEIROMAN- TES.	
RHETORICA,	<i>In loue with Logicus.</i>		

Persons only mentioned

{ METAPHYSICVS,
an
Apothecary.

THE SCENE.

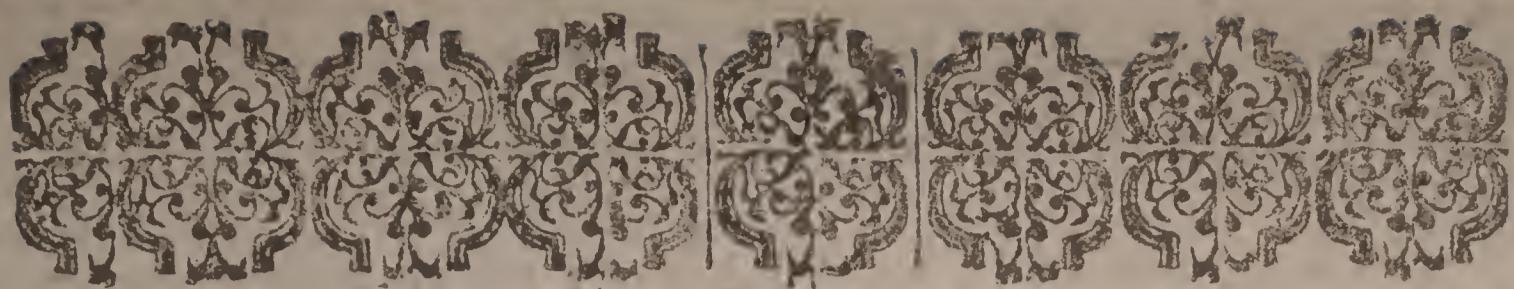
INSVLA FORTVNATA.



PROLOGVE.

GRacious Spectators, not to vex your eares
With some old Negatiue Prologue, saying, Here's
No Souldier, no Parasite, no Whore,
No Baud (for many vnderstand no more
Than such cheape stage-ware) to vnfold our Scene,
And without veile to Open what we meane
Behold. * Our Poet knowing our free hearts
Has here inuited Heau'n and All the Arts
To entertayne His Theater, and does bring
What he prepar'd for our Platonique King:
Deeming Your iudgements able to supply
The absence of So Great a Maiesty.
But his free conscience does protest, the mirth
Of this his night was but a Fiue-weekes birth;
Yet no Abortiue; if your courteous hands
Shall wrap the Infant in his swathing bands.
It Speakes Already and each Art, to raise
Delight, does vse it's Owne Distinguisht phrase.
Lend your Purg'd eares. If any doe looke grim,
Our Author sayes they wrong the Arts not Him:
He strives to Please. But yet he scornes to be
So vile, to Bargaine for a Plaudite;
And from your seats, at a Compacted clap,
Hugge an Abusing ioy. If 'tis his hap
To haue your free applause, to This he stands,
The Arts shall not more crowne him, than Your Hands.

Here the vpper part of the Scene open'd; when straight appear'd an Heauen, and all the Pure Arts sitting on two semi-circular benches, one above another: who fate thus till the rest of the Prologue was spoken, which being ended, they descended in order within the Scene, whiles the Musick playd.



TE X N O T A M I A :

OR

The Marriages of the Arts.

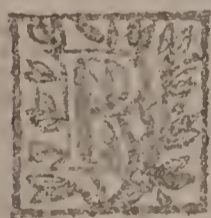
ACTVS I. SCENA I.

GEOGRAPHVS, in a white Beaver, with a white and greene Feather, a little Band, a light-colour'd Sattin suit, imbroidered Gloues, red-silke Stockings, blue Garters and Roses, white Pumps, a Cloke whereon was describ'd the terrestriall Globe in two Hemispheres, and on the Cape the two Poles.

ASTRONOMIA, in an azure Gowne, and a Mantle seeded with starres; on her head a Tiara, bearing on the front the seven starres, and behind, starres promiscuously; on the right side the Sunne, on the left the Moone, in Gloues, and white Pumps.

PHANTASTES, in a branch'd veluet Ierkin with hanging sleeves button'd and loop'd, a short paire of Breeches, a greene Cloke with silver lace, lin'd through with veluet, red-silke Stockings, party-colour'd Garters, a low-crown'd Hat with broad brims, with a Peacocks feather in it, in a yellow Band, Gloues and red Pumps.

**GEOGRAPHVS, ASTRONOMIA,
PHANTASTES.**



PHANTASTES, leaue vs.

Phant.

I might very well be here, Sir, at a wooing match; but, I goe: yet I will not be farre off. *Exit.*

Geogra. Come, now you shall, *Astronomia.*

Astron. What shall I, *Geographus*?

Geogra. Kill.

Astron. What? a' spight of my teeth?

Geog. No not so, I hope you doe not vse to kisse with your teeth.

Astron. Marry and I hope I doe not vse to kisse without them.

Geogr. I, but (my fine Wit-catcher) I meane you doe not Show your teeth when you kisse: — 'tis thy *Ambrosiacke lippe* (sweet *Nymph*) which thus I salute after the fine *French* — thus, the gracious *Spanish*, — (hold still) thus the flauering *Dutch* — (nay, I will) and thus the deuouring *Italian* fashion — I'me a Courtier sweet *Nymph*, I'me a Courtier; pardon me (you know the Court-humor) boldnes.

Astron. What? is't the Court humour then to kisse a Mayd out of breath?

Geogr. No, sweet chucked, but to kisse them In breath; to make them long-breath'd in kissing, and able to endure a Smothering and Reuiue againe.

Astron. Faith for my part Sir Courtier, then I am not acquainted with a long breath; though, I thinke, they that vse kissing much, are acquainted with long breaths, for, I warrant them, they may be smelt farre enough off.

Geog. Come, my Heau'n, I must take off your *Zone*; shall *Astronomia* bee ingirt with a *Zone*, and not *Geographus*? especially since all we Louers liue vnder *Zona torrida*.

Astron. If it bee So Sir, then I pray you keepe you there still; for My *Zone*, Ile assure you, as yet is a Temperate one; pardon me Sir, *Ungirt Vnblest*: If I am not *Fast*, I'me Loose, vntye the Heauens and take away their *Zones*, we should haue braue *Skie-falling*.

Geogr. I, and braue *Larke-catching*, (prettie Bird) ah! were they all such as Thee, it should bee my First wish.

Astron. I perceiue Sir, then you Courtiers are readie to take a Mayd at the Fall; Well Sir, but let goe your hand from my girdle, he that has that, shall haue me and all.

Geogra. With all my heart (my double soule) I haue Alreadie trauel'd ouer the whole Earth, and am now againe in Truall to be Deliuered of a second Attempt, the Peregrination of the Heauens; which to effect, I know no more expedite Course, than to haue Recourse to *Astronomia*.

The Marriages of the Arts.

Astron. Pray let mee; be Modest yet; I thinke you'll force me to say be Honest, leaue, or Ile Cry.

Geogra. I, but Ile make you Laugh.

Astron. Nay, pray you, be not *Elephantine*; I suppose you haue beene in *India*, and pierce the Phrase.

Geogr. Nay, but Nymph, Won't you then?

Astron. Won't I? what?

Geogr. Bee kinde.

Astron. Bee kinde? how?

Geogr. (The plague of Louers! crossing in the point; Yonder comes thy mother *Physica*) why bee kinde as shee has beene. He espies her entering.

Astron. Marry. ---

Geogr. It may be shee won't consent.

Astron. O Sir, your apprehension is too nimble; I was saying, marry gracious are the Fates, to deliuer a Mayd from the violence of a Rauer.

Geogra. Nay, good loue, thinke this but an exiliencie of my affection, or rather thinke not on't at all, but onely (O my *Venus*'s lipp'd) of this Woosers modest kisse, that is but lent till the next meeting: but farewell, I see thy Mothers aged brow wrinkled already; and I had rather againe vndertake my performed iourney about the World, than thou should'st bee shent for me; once more farewell, *Geographus* his *Astronomia*. He speaks this drawing backe to depart.

Exit Geographus.

Astron. I must behaue my selfe now as demurely, as a Gentlewoman when shee's eating an Egge, well Ile preuent her, and goe meet Her, or else she will be Meet with Me.

ACTVS I. SCENA II.

PHYSICA with a Coronet on her head, bearing on the front a Woman with two Children sucking at her breasts, and a *CERES* Horne passing vp betweene her armes; round about on the border of her Coronet were Beasts and Trees; in a loose-bodied Gowne of greene branch'd Taffata, in Gloues and White Pumps.

ASTRO-

Forsooth, and't please you——

Physica. Who was that?

Astron. And't please you forsooth it was——

Physica. I who was it? that's the question I aske.

Astron. It was forsooth and't please you——

Physica. Yes, it pleases me to know, though I feare when I doe know it will scarce please me.

Astron. Why then forsooth since it pleases you ——

Physica. Oh, is the excuse made now?

Astron. Alas forsooth, I was comming o' mine accord, to tell you forsooth.

Physica. Well, now I hope forsooth, so many forsooths haue made vp one excuse by this time.

Astron. It was forsooth——

Physica. Yet againe?

Astron. My Vncle *Ethicus*.

Physica. That came to teach you manners belike, and that's the reason you vse so many mannerly forsooths.

Astron. No forsooth, hee came to inuite mee to his House to a Banquet.

Physica. To a Banquet? Indeed you are better fed than taught.

Astron. And maruell'd that you and I were so great strangers at his house.

Physica. Nay, that's not strange, now-adayes, for the nearer kinne, the farther off in friendship, and therefore the greater strangers.

Astron. But I promis'd, for my selfe, my oftner presence hereafter, and bid *Ethicus* perswade himselfe, that though you did not come to him in person, yet that your loue and best *Affections* dwelt alwaies with him; and I did my best to make part of an excuse for you.

Physica. As you doe now for your Selfe: but Minion doe you expect a thanke of mee, for your excuse? I beleeeue rather, youle stand more in need of an excuse your selfe; it seemes you are well skill'd in the framing of them. What?
who

The Marriages of the Arts.

who bid you put on this apparell to day? you must be in your skie-colour'd Gowne euery day, in your best apparell holy-dayes and working-dayes: and had you neuer a worse head-tyre to put on to day but this with colour'd Ribbands tyed like Starres? but, Minion, the mystery of the truth; come, I must know it: Does your Vncle *Ethicus* looke o' that fashion? is he a Courtier? a Trauellour? a Puppet? does he make himselfe a verier Foole than the Taylour makes him? has he a Jury of Nations come in to giue their verdict, for the making vp of one sute of apparell for him? is hee for your long Hat, short Cloke, little Band? are his old hammes growne supple againe? is he for your knee-congey? the throwing of a wauering head off his shoulders in a salutation? or the breaking of his high-heeld Shoes, or (which is better) sometimes of his crazie legs, when in a wanton pride they cannot stand vpon his giddie feet? you'd make a fine creature of your Vncle; but, my fine Minion, my *Periphrasis* has incircled your companion, as his armes did your middle euen now: you apprehend? ah *Astronomia*, thy face was neuer made for the colouring of a lye; oh how this one vntruth has Ecclips'd thy beautie? thou neuer receiu'dst such a vile Nature from thy Mother *Physica*: no; no; I know from whom this corruption proceeds; 't is that false, that vile *Astrologia*, that infects thee thus, and whom I obserue, still to follow at thy heeles: but I fret mine old age too much, which is enough anguish to it selfe: in, in you light Huswife ---- *Exeunt.*

ACTVS I. SCENA III.

GEOMETRES in a colour'd Hat ascending in a Pyramidall forme, with a Square in it instead of a Feather, in a light-colour'd sute of Sattin, a Ruffe-band, a Cloke whereon were describ'd diuers Geometricall Instruments, and a man taking the heighth of a Towre with a Iacobs Staffe; in blue-silke Stockings, Garters, Roses, Gloues, and white Pumps.

MAGVS in a blacke sute with a triple Crowne on his head, beset with Crosses, and other Magicall Characters; in blacke Shoes, with a white wand in his hand.

GEOMETRES, MAGVS.

L Et *Geometres* neuer vse Measure more, if hee loues not his dearest *Magus* beyond measure: Oh, the Gods! that you and I could neuer know one another before! but First it should be my lucke to be acquainted with *Astronomia*, Then with your Selfe! Sir, if your occasions can make vse of my best endeouours, the imployment shall bee a fauour: if at any time you want any Characters, and strange Figures for your Circles, or Circles themselues, for the confining of your Spirits, know Sir, They shall not be more obedient vnto You, than My officious gratitude, imploy Mee Sir, I protest I'me growne Infinite in loue with the fairest *Astronomia*, with your selfe.

Magus. Sir, let mee neuer vse my Great Art more, if my loue to You bee not greater than my Art: the Spirits that I Command, shall not bee so quicke in my Ambassages, as the Spirit of my Loue, in the effecting your desires, 'tis as my Circle, most capacious and without End.

Geom. Well, Sir: I need not then you thinke to feare *Geographus*; for indeed though he be proud, yet I am sure *Astronomia* is much more Highminded; and yet were her Altitude as high as Heauen, could not I Measure it? besides what can the count of him, but as of a giddie fellow, whose Head is Guided by his Heeles? but for Mee, it is well knowne, I haue the Rule of my selfe: indeed there's *Poeta*, him I feare, for he playes at his Mistres with his *Hexameter*, and *Pentameter*, as a Fencer lyes at his Rapier and Dagger-foile; but from Him you say You'l Ward me.

Magus. I warrant you Sir, as securely as with an Inchaned shield: (and now Sir to Descend to Realities). I will briefly acquaint you with some of the Mysteries of our Sacred Science; and first with this. There are three wayes, by one of which your desire may be effected, the first is Fascination; the second Coniuration, and the third Medicine. The first can bee wrought onely by opportunitie, by being in companie with *Astronomia*.

Geom. Alas! that's the Vnmeasurable Depth of my griefe, for

The Marriages of the Arts.

for I can neuer almost get into her company, but yee Sir acquaint mee with the deuice that I may not lose occasion if offer'd.

Magus. I will Sir; This Fascination is, when one does worke loue in a woman by looking on her.

Geom. But is that possible?

Magus. O, Sir, in a moderate sort verie familiar; I haue knowne a man and a woman by an earnest looking one vpon another, when they fell in loue, both become starke blinde.

Geom. Strange! Wonderfull! but if that should happen me, how should I enioy the sight of her beautie?

Magus. Sir, my care shall exempt you from that feare; but to vnfolde vnto you the manner of this admirable operation —

Geom. I Sir, I desire to know what Proportion it can beare with truth.

Magus. It is thus: The instrument of fascination is a vapour pure, and subtile, arising from the heat of the heart, out of the purer bloud, which thorow the eyes doth proiect beames like it selfe; those beames doe carrie with them a pure vapour, which sometimes carrieth with it bloud, (as wee see in bleare-ey'd folkes, who hurt by looking on) which being eiaculated vpon the eyes of a woman (being sent forth with a labouring violence) enter into her eye, pierce her heart, infect the bloud and Spirits, then by a continuance of the eiaculation, produce an assimilation in the obiect.

Geom. Sir, this is Deepe; but is this Rule infallible?

Magus. There are a sort of your Philosophers that denie this; but (alas!) vnexperienc'd fellowes, that neuer went beyond the Circle of their Science; but wee men of practice correct and surpasse the narrow bounds of their emptie Speculations: and now Sir, for the guarding of your selfe, and the more powerfull operation, I will furnish you with an Vnction of Doues, or Sparrowes bloud.

Geom. Doue, nor Sparrow is so hot, as my loue to you, dearest *Magus*: but you made mention of a second, Coniuration.

Magus. Sir, by that I can present vnto you, your loue.

Geom. Presently?

Magus. Presently.

Geom. Will you?

Magus. What will I not for you?

Geom. I am yours Soule and Body.

Magus. Well, stay you here then, He but step forth. *Exit.*

Geom. That euer thou wast borne! that euer thou wast borne, Diuine *Magus!* well, the Deuill take me if I doe not

He puts on a cy-
presse Suit, then
puts Geometres
into a circle,
which hee brings
forth and
spreads; then
goes into it him-
selfe, with a
whiterod in his
hand, which he
waues & waies.

^a At the end of
each of these
four names is
made a great
noise within,
like thunder.
a *Magus* stops
Geometres's
mouth, and
speakes on.

^b *Geometres*
falls downe,
thrusting his
head betwene
Magus's
feet, and cover-
ing his face with
his hands.

^c *Geometres*
sits.

turne Magician, what euer it cost me, O *Astronomia!* —

Magus. Come, Sir, stand you here, and moue not beyond this Circle, and speake not a word; and now prepare your selfe to be satisfied with the beautie of your Loue.

Bael, Agares, Marbas, Prustas.

*Loray, Valefar, Morax, Naberus.**

Geom. Good *Magus* leaue off, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, I shall neuer be able to endure.

Magus. *Clasialabolus* —

Geom. Oh, He cry out if yee won't leaue.^a

Magus. *Amduscias, Zagan, Elauros, Orobas.*

Geom. Oh, I shall —

Magus. *Hagaenti, Uual, Zaleos.*

Geom. I cannot endure it, oh I cannot endure it.^b

Magus. What a faint-hearted Louer is this? I must send them away againe, before they are come.

Va, Va, Va, Acim, Acim, Acim,

Ei, Ei, Ei: Hau, Hau, Hau.

Procal'hins, procul ite profani; redite, redite. Come, Sir, will you rise to see your Loue?

Geom. Is she gone yet?

Magus. Why? Doe you loue her so well, that you would haue her gone?

Geom. Oh! I cannot endure it.

Magus. Not endure her? Marry you loue her well then t'is likely.^c

Geom. Well, I beseech you, Sir, fall to your last remedy, Medicine: for this is intolerable.

Magus. Well, Sir, that do's not belong to you.

Geom. No? why? Must not I take Physicke to make her fall in loue with me?

Magus.

The Marriages of the Arts.

Magus. No, *Geometres*: what deuce dost thou think should be in that?

Geom. Nay alas I can't tell, I doe but aske; come I pray, let's be gon hence, I cannot endure to stay here, wee'l talke further of this in some other place. Good *Magus*, let me hold by you till we are gone a prettie way hence.

Magus. Come, you're a braue *Mars* for a *Venus*! *Exeunt.*

ACTVS I. SCENA IIII.

ASTROLOGIA, in a Loose-bodied Gowne of Red-branched Velvet; a darke starry Mantle, in a Tiera beset with dimme stars, in the front of which was describ'd the Scheme of a Natiuitie; on the two sides the Sunne and Moone Ecclips'd: in Gloues and blacke Pumps.

ARITHMETICA, in a greene Gowne of Silke; on her head a Coronet, bearing in the front a Table of Multiplication, and round about the border, the nine radical Figures, and a Cipher: in Gloues and white Pumps.

MUSICA, in a Wash-coat and Petty-coat of Red-branch'd Velvet; in a Coronet bearing in the front the Table of the Gammut, with the first six Musical notes, ascending, and descending, and aboue that a Bag-pipe and a Harpe; bearing on the border diuers other Instruments: and on the top of two Arches, rising from the circle of the Coronet, was exprest Fame sounding a Trumpe: in Gloues and white Pumps.

ASTRONOMIA, ASTROLOGIA, ARITHMETICA, MUSICA.

Come, Lassies: i'faich I haue beene arraign'd, condemn'd and executed, without holding vp my hand at a Barre.

Astrol. Why? Didst thou euer offend the Heauens in thy life, *Astronomia*?

Astron. No. but it seemes I haue offended Nature; for I me sure my mother *Physica* has powr'd out her affection toward me.

Astrol. As how, I prethee?

Astron. Nay, I haue beene held vpon her Items: Item, for

being in company with *Geographus*: Item, for being in company with *Astrologia* —

Astrol. Wish mee?

Astron. Item, for wearing my best clothes euery day: Alas, alas, do's my Mother thinke All Natures desire the same things? It pleaseth Her in Summer to weare one kind of garment; in Winter another; in Autumne and Spring as different: another perhaps would count this pride in her: I weare alwayes the same, which me thinks her age (but that Age is forward) might interpret, as a three-fold vertue, Humilitie, Thrift, and Constancy: but —

Astrol. Oh! I can easily ghesse why shee speakes against me: I perceiue all eminency of gifts is attended on by enuy: but tush, Old — I say no worse: let her chide the gods that gaue me my Fore-knowledge of things aboue her apprehension: beleeue mee, I saw this great contention before, in the present Coniunction of *Saturne* and *Mars*: But for *Geographus*, I would wish your Height of worth, *Astronomia*, would not Descend vnto his basenesse.

Astron. You abuse me, *Astrologia*: basenesse?

Astrol. Nay, then I perceiue there is somewhat of fate in loue; and that the Starres doe not rule men, but men the Starres; why there's no Proportion of worth betweene him and *Geometres*, a man cut out by the very Square of all vertue.

Arithm. I, and let *Arithmetica* be cast out of the Number of the Sciences; if in his very face (I speake it freely behind his back) appeare not to my eye the very Figure of sincerity.

Astron. Alas! would you Paralell *Geometres* with *Geographus*? you may as well liken the Middle of the Earth to the whole Circumference: or, but some Angle to a whole Mapped.

Arithm. Nay, you are the whole Heauen-wide, *Astronomia*, on the contrary part; for though *Geometres* thinke there bee too great Disparity betweene him and me, and that *Arithmetica* stands now but for a Cipher in his account; yet, that conceit of his shall neuer make a Fraction or Diuision in my loue, but as hee was once mine Intire, so shall I euer hold it the golden Rule of friendship, rather to Adde vnto, than Subtract from my first affection: but let vs not multiply words:

Musica,

The Marriages of the Arts.

Musica, prethee what dost thou thinke of this?

Musica. Truly, I thinke *Geographus* to be a liberall Gentleman, and therefore may not consent vnto *Astrologia*, when she calls him base, yet I thinke hee has some Crotchets now and then of a Traueller: and for *Geometres*, I take him for a plaine Solid fellow: but in my conceit, in his discourse hee's somewhat obtuse, blunt, blunt.

Arithm. I, that's but thy conceit.

Musica. Indeed I must confesse I haue more conceit than iudgement: But in my fancy, there's *Poeta*, h'as more loue in's little finger, then both they in their whole bodyes.

Poeta and Melancholico begin to Enter.

Astron. Marry thou say'st true, for I thinke there hee is indeed. Come, let's begon; for I thinke euery one now a Spy: for my mother told me shee'd set more Eyes beside *Musica's* to attend mee hereafter: but *Musica*, doe thou turne that way and meet him, that if he be one, I may know whom to thanke for my mothers next kind salutation.

Exeunt Astron. Astrol. Arith.

ACTVS I. SCENA V.

POETA, in a blacke Sattin Suit, a Ierkin with hanging sleeves button'd together behinde, a blacke Beaver, with a garland of Bayes about it, a Ruffe-band, in yellow silke Stockings, blacke silke Garters tied across, blacke Roses, Glones, and white Pumps.

MELANCHOLICO, in a blacke Suit, a blacke Hat, a blacke Cloke wrapt about his shoulders, a blacke-worke Band, blacke Gloues, and blacke Shoes.

MUSICA, POETA, MELANCHOLICO.

*F*A, la, la, la, la, Sol, la, mi, fa.

Poeta. How now my Treble, my Minikin, art thou so pleasant?

Musica. Oh sir, I see you keepe your old Tenor still: you are alwaies Descanting.

Poeta. But my little Fiddle, where hast thou beene?

Musica. Sounding your Harmonious vertues, to a Consort of Ladies.

Poeta.

TEKNOTAMIA, or

Poeta. Mine? If I had not call'd thee my Fiddle before, I might now call thee my Trumpet, but I will yet call thee my Pipe, my Syrinx, a peece of *Pan's* Reed: but prethee, sirrah, who were they? O *Melancholico!* here's a Wench, if her Mistris would part with her, would make thee live one seven yeares longer, but to be in her company.

Mel. 'Tis a merry Wench indeed.

Musica. Why, there was my Lady, with *Astrologia*, and *Arithmetica*.

Poeta. Thy Lady? Indeed I haue heard thy Lady loues Musicke well, and for that respect I haue had a conceit to Her my selfe.

Musica. A conceit? Well, I can't stay or else I could say more.

Poeta. Hold her, *Melancholico*, she shall not be gon yet.

Melancholico
holds her, and
looks upon her.

Musica. Why how now Sir? Faith, *Poeta*, your man lookes as if hee would fall in loue with me. Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa.

Poeta. Nay, prethee *Musica*, tell me how thou camest to attend on *Astronomia* first.

Musica. Alas, 'tis beyond my remembrance to tell that: onely I haue heard a certaine Philosopher that was in loue with *Astronomia*, bestow'd mee vpon her when I was but a childe: but I'me sure she entertaines me so well, that I care for no other seruice now vnder Heauen, shee's a Diuine Lady, a Diuine Lady, and since my comming thither, shee has made rare deuices, rare deuices to cause Harmony: but I must bee gone, I can't stay. Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa. *Exit.*

Mel. 'Tis a merry Wench.

Poeta. But a Diuine Lady! but a Diuine Lady! I cannot tell what ayles me, but I am not very well. Follow me in, *Melancholico*.

Mel. I follow, Sir.

Exeunt.

ACTVS I. SCENA VI.

GEOGRAPHVS, PHANTASTES.

WHat should I cry out now against the iniquitie of the Fates, for wrapping vp all in blinde Fortune, and for the

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the vnequall distribution of their gifts? I haue indeed bene about all the world, and brought home nothing but a World of care. I could cry, I confesse, but that I can't find in my hart to be such a foole, vnlesse my teares would turne to gold, as those of *Phaetons* sisters did to *Amber*; and then yfaith I'd turne a most deuout penitent: but, *Phantastes*, put vp the *Siquis*, put vp the *Siquis*.

Phant. I will, I will.

He puts vp the
Siquis.

Geogr. Faith I'me almost extracted, I'me come to the *Mercury* already; there's nothing left but my wits: but what if I can get no customers now?

Phant. Faith you had best turne Paper man, and sell Maps; and yet that trade is almost downe the wind now: or you may get a pretty young---one---and set vp a *Tobacco-shop*.

Geogr. Foh! that's a stinking trade.

Phant. Oh your fattest soiles are most full of dirt; and I haue knowne a fellow, that was not worth a haire of his head, nay, that had not an haire of an honest man, gather more gold out of this dung-hill, than euer *Maro* did out of his *Ennius*; that now he cares not for any man in the Parish: Oh! this is the trade that yeelds *è fumo fulgerem*; Gold out of smoke.

Geogr. Oh, *Astronomia*! there's my chiefest grieffe, I confesse; for as 'tis held policy in rich men to loue; so I feare it will proue ridiculous in me, if once I grow poore.

Phant. Sir, not many yeares since, before I vndertooke with you our iourney about the wide world, I was my selfe driuen to the like streights; I meane, Sir, in that *Cod-piece-age*, when the innocency of men did not blush to shew all that Nature gaue them, iadeed, because they did no more, then, that taught them: then, when they wore doublets with crawes, and sleeues with pockers, then (I say) the fashion was so long at a stand, that I had like to haue bene at a fall: then your Philosopher in the Vniuersitie, scorn'd nothing but (the vniust cause of scorae) fine apparell, shewing the seuerity of his profession, by the ruggednesse of his gowne: but since, I thinke, I haue fashion'd them all; though, of late, some of your gor-belli'd country-chuffes, haue cast themselues into their frieze jerkins, with great tinn'd buttons siluer'd o'r, rather

ther out of a proud niggardlineffe than an honest thrifc.

Geogr. Well, but what course shall I take, if I get mony?

Phant. Marry, Sir, this: weare appareil of the best, be merry, wanton, toying, bold; affront any man: get a faire-false-diamond—on your finger, and by all meanes haue a gile watch, which sometimes, to know-how the day passcs, you must draw out in the Market-place, though peradventure there be a Clocke hard by within the view of your eye; 'twill imply; you reckon not your day by the peoples Dyall: or sometimes you may draw it forth before a rich mans doore, (you know in our trauels wee obseru'd the like in a Gentleman at Venice) and assure your selfe, at the next meeting, hee'l giue you the salutation.

Geogr. Oh! thou hast a rare wit, my fine *Phantastes!* well, let's commit it to the heauens, and if my stars blesse me but to obtaine *Astronomia*; Ile count it as an enioying of the whole world, which I haue yet but seene. *Exeunt Geographus & Phantastes.*

ACTVS I. SCENA VII.

POETA, MELANCHOLICO.

And did shee not say, *Melancholico*, shee was a diuine Lady?

Mel. Yes, shee did.

Poet. And did she not say, she had made rare deuices, rare deuices (for she repeated it) to cause Harmony?

Mel. Yes, shee did.

Poet. Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa, hum----- and did shee not say, shee would not change her seruice for any vnder Heauen?

Mel. Yes, shee did.

Poeta. Hum. And did shee not say, shee could say more?

Mel. Yes, shee did.

Poet. Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa, pretty little *Musica!* Fa, la, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa, for shee sung it three times I remember, pretty *Musica*; diuine *Astronomia!*-----the iuyce of the Gods *Nepenthe* were vineger to one of her kisses: diuine *Astronomia!*

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Unjust, blind god of love, or not ensire

My brest; or, if thou dost, crowne my desire. What Signis is that?

Poeta sees the Signis, and Mel. takes it downe.

Mel. He reade it, Sir.

If there be any Gentleman, that, for the accomplishing of his natural indowments, entertaynes a desire of learning the languages; especially, the venimble French, maiestike Spanish, courtly Italian, masculine Dutch, happily, compounding Greeke, mystical Hebr., and physicall Arabicke; or that is otherwise transported with the admirable knowledge of forren policies, complementall behanour, naturall dispositions, or whatsoeuer else belongs to any people or country under heauen; he shall, to his abundant satisfaction, be made happy in his expectation and successe, if he please to repaire to the signe of the Globe.

Poet. Good, good; He monopolize this commodity; when I shall haue so many tongues to wooc, I will not doubt to obtayne *Astronomia*.

Logicus and Grammaticus enter. Poeta teares the Signis.

ACTVS I. SCENA VIII.

LOGICVS, In a wide-sleeu'd gowne, and a square cap, &c.

GRAMMATICVS, In a paire of breeches close to his thigh, his stockings garter'd aboue knee: a sharpe-crown'd hat with the sides pinned up, a ruffe-band; and a Ferula at his backe, &c.

POETA, MELANCHOLICO, LOGICVS, GRAMMATICVS.

Gram. Sir, you did that by a *Poetica licentia*.

Poet. SO, Grammaticus, you'd faine Rule me still: ---
Et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus.

Logic. Nay, Poeta, you must not abuse him that hath beene your Master, he hath beene your Master, Ergo, you must not abuse him.

Poet. Why, how now, Logicus? will you be the Neptune, to calme these Seas with your three-fork'd Mace? I thought you could spee nothing but *Aristotle*.

Gram. *Aristotle*? sawcy boy? *Aristotelis libri sunt omne genus elegantia referti; pro Omnis generis.*

Logic. Nay, Poeta, we must grant you the eloquence: No-

ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, or

his non licet esse tam disertis vel disertos.

Poet. Why how now, *Logicus*? hast thou caught the itch of *Grammaticus*? I should rather haue thought, thou wouldst haue infected him.

Gram. How now? boyes talke? by the soule of *Priscian*, *A preceptore vapulabis.*

Poet. Nay, then yfaith: *A trepido vix abstinet ira Magistro.*

Poet and
Gram. fight.

Gram. What? insolent? *Faciam vt meique, ac huius dici, ac loci, semper memineris.*

Poet. *Melancholico*, doe thou cracke an argument with clog-head, there.

Logicus and
Melancholico
fight.

Mel. Ile doe my best to cracke his pate, if I can.

Logic. He bites, he bites: O doe you scratch, you coward?

Mel. Yes, Sir, because you haue the itch.

Poet. To him, *Melancholico*.

They part.

Mel. Nay, let me alone, I warrant you: we are at it, tooth and naile.

Gram. Well, *Poeta*, *Refero ad Senatum.*

Poet. Will you come againe, Sir!

Gram. *Non si me obsecres.*

Exit.

Poet. I belecue thee, yfaith; *Logicus*; will you returne?

Logic. I see no reason for it: *Ergo*, I won't. Exit.

Poet. O, haue we broke off one of the forks of your Mace? he most valiantly now runnes away vpon two feet: Stay, here comes *Choler*, *Grammaticus* his man.

Enter *CHOLER* in a yellow cloke, a yellow suit, on the breast whereof were exprest two fellowes wraffling; in a yellow hat; bearing a fist with a club in't: yellow stockings, yellow pumps, &c.

Choler. Who was, that ran away last there? *Logicus*?

Mel. Yes.

Choler. Did you beat him?

Mel. Yes.

Choler. And who was the other? my Master?

Poet. Yes.

Choler. Did you beat him?

Poet. Yes, Sir: what say you to that?

Choler. What say I to that? marry, I say, I would haue fought

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Fought as long as I could haue stood, if you had not left beating of my Master.

Poet. Oh! is that all? *Domini similis es*; farewell, valiant Champion.

Mel. Oh! is that all? *Domini similis es*; farewell, valiant Champion.
Exeunt Poeta & Melancholico.

Choler. How? baffed? by my masters Ferula, Ile quarrell with the next man I meet, who er'e he be: and yonder comes Sanguis, Medicus his man; but hee lookes as if hee would say somewhat; Ile therefore stand aside first, and heare what hee'll say.

ACTVS I. SCENA IX.

SANGVIS, in a red suit; on the brest whereof was a man with his nose bleeding; on the backe, one let blood in the arme; in a red hat, red band, stockings, red pumps, &c.

SANGVIS, CHOLER.

MY Master is now in a consumption; he is come to putting vp a *Si-quis* already for want of custome; and if hee had not lately beene more beholding to *Venus* than to *Mars*, he had beene quite spent, long er'e this: Shee indeed now and then sends him in, those customers that are sicke in her quarters; for most men now preuent physicke, either by death or warinesse; either by running vpon violent and quick deaths, and so dying er'e physicke comes; or if they fall out, neuer comming to blood-shed, but onely to a few foolish words in their idle choler.

Chol. What? does he speake of me? nay, that's enough.

Sang. But I'le put vp my *Siquis* and pray most deuoutly to *Aesculapius*, or else my Master will be the first that will haue so much need of his owne physicke, as *Salus* her selfe will be scarce able to saue him.

Chol. Soft, Sir, did not you misuse me, behind my backe?

Sang. Misuse thee? alas! I thought not on thee.

Chol. No! did not you say, Idle Choler? you shall know I am not idle. *Choler strike
Sanguis.*

Sang. Why, how now Choler, are you so hot?

They fight, and
Choler breakes
Sanguis his
head,

Chol. Yes, *Sanguis*, as hot as you for your bloud.

Sang. I shall be about your cares, straight.

Chol. I shall vex all the veines in your heart then.

Sang. O, my head! my head's broke.

Chol. 'Tis no matter, *Sanguis*; ther's custome for thy Master, beyond his expectation.

Sang. And beyond mine too; I'll pray no more this good while for this trick; the gods are quicke of hearing, I perceiue; *Aesculapius* has sent my Master a patient too soone, but the gods know 'tis a sorry one; but I shall remember you,

Choler.

Exit.

Chol. Doe, doe; I gaue you a remembrance on purpose; but, what had the Rogue in this *Si-quis*? I'll put it together againe.

If there be any man, woman, or childe, that's affected with any disease, whether it be luxation or dislocation of the bones, rupture, inflammation, obstruction, impostumation, consumption, or any vicer, whether it be pox, plague, or pestilence, or any destruction of nature, as dumbnesse, deafnesse, blindnesse, whether temporary and by accident, or continued from the birth; or what soeuer disease incident to the body of man, that hath beene ever yet counted incurable; may it please him, or her, or that childe, to repaire to the signe of the *Vrinnall*, and they shall finde a speedy saluation.

Why? doe not I know *Medicus*? and did I euer know that he knew this before? well, he that performes all this, must be a god or a deuill: but now I thinke on't better, I'me halfe sorry I broke *Sanguis*, his head; for if my Master be hurt, he must repaire to this *Medicus*; and then will *Sanguis* either pay my Master for my sake; or make my Master pay me for his sake: I see, he that strikes in his choler, doth but repent afterwards; well, I'le correct this hastinesse of nature.

Exit.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

POLITES, In a blacke gowne, a blacke Sattin suit, a blacke beauer with a gold hat-band; with a white staffe in his hand, &c.

ETHICVS, In a blacke hat with broad brims, a long gray beard, a coat with velvet lace, hanging-sleeues, and broad skirts, a paire of trunke-hose with pannes, with a velvet pouch by his side,

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in a ruffe band, his garters tyed aboue knee : with a walking staffe in his hand.

OECONOMA, *In a blacke close-bodied gowne, a ruffe, a broad brim'd hat, a white apron, &c.*

HISTORIA, *In a greene gowne of branch'd veluet, a lac'd ruffe, on her head a coronet, about the border whereof stood the nine Worthies, and on the top of two crosse arches arising from the circle of the coronet stood Time, an old man with a long beard, at his feet lay a sibe, holding in one hand a crowne, in the other a whip: in gloues and white pumps.*

RHETORICA, *In a greene filke gowne, a lac'd ruffe, wearing on her head a coronet, the border whereof was beset with red and white roses, in the front was exprest a garland of bayes with a palme of a hand in the middest, and round about the border, aboue the roses, were describ'd palmes of hands: in gloues, and white pumps.*

POLITES, ETHICVS, OECONOMA, HISTORIA, RHETORICA.

WELL, *Historia*, I see loue's vnruely euen in the wisest; you may doe what you will; but if you would be rul'd by your friends, my counsell should be that you would neuer fancie this *Poeta*, a fellow of that kinde of profession, which all Wisemen haue euer banish'd out of the commonwealth, as being the Mother of lyes, the Nurse of abuse, and at the Best, but the worst of knowledge; perhaps you may thinke *Polites* vses this dissuasion because *Poeta's* poore; (which also I confesse in the Policy of an ordinary Discretion is to be considered) but I professe I'me chiefly moued at the vncertainty of his courses, which I thinke would not very apely consort with your sober consistency and stayednesse of life: but Ile say no mote; good *Ethicvs*, supply my roome.

Histor. Reuerend *Polites*----

Ethic. Nay, nay-----

Rhetor. Nay? nay? nay truly *Ethicvs*, 'tis good manners, to let her answer in her owne defence.

Ethic. Nay, *Rhetorica*, we know you haue words at will; euery woman has two tongues, and you haue *Foure*, 'twill come

come to a fine passe in a while, if wee suffer euery young pert thing to be prachant, especially towards their elders, I may be thy father, wench, and I will speake. Thou art a greene-head, *Historia*; I say that *Poeta's* a licentious fellow, a Drinker, a Dicer, a Wencher, a Ballad-maker, a Seducer of young minds, a Scoffer, a Libeller, a Sharker, an Humorist, an Epicure; proud, phantasticall, sullen, slothfull, lewd, irreligious, and in a word an enemy to all the Gods and Vertues.

Histor. Ha' you done? you haue stucke cloues enow in your Orange to make it smell.

He speakes to
Rhetorica.

Ethic. Nay, thou wench, I like thee better, though thou hast a shrewd Tongue: for thou hast set thine affection vpon *Logicus*, a fellow of some vnderstanding, and though hee has some of thy fault (as a peece of thy tongue) yet 'tis likely hee'l make a good House-keeper; hee's thrifty, thrifty, and I like that.

Historia walkes
aside, and *Oe-*
con. takes her
by the arme.

Oecon. Nay, pray *Historia*, take *Oeconoma's* counsell, or (at least) heare it, Ile speake moderately.

Histor. I shall the rather heare you then.

Oecon. Indeed I thinke that *Poeta* will neuer proue a good house-keeper; for he must haue nothing (vnlesse it be himselfe) out of Order in his house; but euery thing forsooth so neat, so trim, as if folkes had nothing to doe but wait vpon his humorous sloth: but we that keepe houses (by cocke a'py) must ha' roome for baking, brewing, spinning, carding, washing, wringing, starching, setting, sleeking, pinning, folding, smoothing; here a chaire, there a tub; here a pan, there a kettle; here a wheele, there a reele; and an hundred such clutterments.

Histor. It seemes you keepe a cleancly house; but I pray, how long haue you beene married?

Oecon. Married? why, thirtie fve yeares last *Valentines* day; next *Valentines* day 'twill be--iust as can be--thirtie six yeares full, blessed be the day when it comes.

Histor. You may then indeed haue forgot loue-sports by this time; well, you are not angrie with me for hearing you? are you?

Oecon. No.

Histor.

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Historia. Whythen, I must pray you likewise that you will not be offended, if I doe not follow what I heare.

Oecon. Well, you may (if you will) let your owne yong head guide you; fare you well, fare you well Shrewes; Ile pray, that you may haue good Housekeepers to your Husbands.

Polites. And I, that you may haue good Citizens.

Ethicus. And I, that you may haue Honest men: farewell Shrewes.

Exeunt Polites, Ethicus, Oeconoma.

Historia. Fare you well; you haue had a time to loue and wooe, and so must we haue. These old folkes thinke their Old Age must carrie it away, as if they had wonne as cleere a Victorie from vs, as can be; alas! Ile giue them leaue to vse their Dead Precepts, but if they once come to liuely Examples, Ile vndertake my Selve to conuince their best Experience. *Poeta's* love indeed of late is much alienated from me, but as long I loue him, Ile speake in his defence; did you see how *Polites* did onely speake an Accusation against him? and *Ethicus* Abuse his froward Age; and *Oeconoma* Chase out her weake coniecture? and then, (when they had rather shewed the Weaknesse of their Age; than the Strength of their Reason,) flung away, as if their Obiections could not be Answered, because they would not Heare; an Answer. I would inquire of *Polites* (if my Ancestors haue not mis-inform'd mee in Antiquitie) whether in the Time of *Herodotus*, and after that, of *Zenophon*, (and since of many others) there has not bin a like coniunction to *Poeta's* and *Historia's*; and whether your chiefest Common-wealths-men, either of Former times, as *Plato*; or of Later, as the great *Solon* of the *Utopian* Common-wealth, haue not made a Poeticall inuention their chiefest glorie? but there is no discoursing with Age; especially, when it is possessed with a peruerse preiudice.

Rhetorica. And did you marke with what a Strength of Heat, his Cold Feeblenesse set vpon me? and I was Mistris Tongue; and I was Nimble-tongu'd; and I had Foure tongues. But if the Eie of Age bee not so Dimme, but that it may Reflect vpon it selfe: if the Eare of Age be not so Peruerse, but that it may Admit a free Attention; if the Reason of Age

D

will

will but yeeld to Reason; then shall his Eie, his Eare, his Reason, bring in their severall informations against his Age. If wee should inquire with whom does reside the most refined Expolition of Language; would it bee answered with Old-folkes? If we should inquire with whom does abide the most nimble vigour of purest Apprehension; would it be answer'd with Old-folkes? if we should inquire who are most tryed for Quicke Dispatch of weightie Affaires, would it be answer'd your Old-folkes? whose Age brings Care, Care Weaknesse, Weaknes Frowardnes, Frowardnesse Distraction, Distraction Childishnesse: and thus running Round in the Circle of Time, growing Giddie, they fall downe vpon all Foure againe, like Children: Children I may call them for their Impotencie, not Innocencie: for their Peruersenesse, not Hopefulnesse; for their Impatience, not Tendernesse; for then would they afford a more Tender censure, of our more Tender loues: but let's bee gone, and though they Chide, yet will wee Loue; and I will sooner confesse my Tongue to want Eloquence, than my Loue of *Logicus* to want Reason.

Historia. And I will truly acknowledge *Historia* Vnhappie in her loue, but neuer *Poeta*, vnworthy of her loue. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS II. SCENA II.

CHOLER *solus.*

I Perceiue yet I am not so Hastie-natur'd, but there bee some as Hastie; why, I would haue sworne *Logicus* had bin a fellow of Reason and very stayed, but (Heauen defend me) I almost quake to thinke what a thundering he kept, when he came to my Masters House, one while hee would Fight with *Poeta*, that hee would; then hee would haue him in the Law, then againe he would Fight with him, then againe hee would goe to Law with him; at the last hee resolues to doe both, though I know not whether hee will Performe either: if hee goe to Law; my Master (in Policie) will let his Owne cause fall, to come in as a Witnesse for *Logicus*; but i' the meane time I must serue for a Messenger to Carry this Challenge from *Logicus* to *Poeta*; which I must see, that if I haue occasion

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tion to send one to *Sanguis*, I may know how to draw Bloud of him, before we e're come into the Field; let's see.

O *Poeta*, thou *Poeta*, base Nayle-byter, Deske-thumper, Head-scratcher: O *Poeta*, thou *Poeta*; the very Bottle-Ale of frothy Humour, and the floting Corke of Spungie Vanitie; since thou hast (though not *per te*, but, *per alium*) by thy man *Melancholico*, (but woe to thy man *Melancholico*!) with most audacious and iniurious indignitie flowne vp into my face, (but, oh dreadfull flying vp into my face!) know, if thou doest not make thy peace with mee, by a reconciling submission, (which you may doe, and I had rather you should doe, than fight. I neuer prouoked you) I doe to thy perdition (O speedy perdition! thinke vpon that, and let mee not fight: I doe not prouoke you) challenge thee O *Poeta*, thee *Poeta*, thy very selfe (marke that) to single Combat at any of these seuerall Weapons, (for I onely grant thee the choice of thy death) Battle-Axe, Single Rapier, Case of Ponyards, Case of Pistols, Bodkins, or Pinnes: but know that by my art beforehand, I do *Define* thee a man of death; and for the executing of that dire-full iudgement, which yet thou mayst preuent, (and ô preuent by not prouoking me to fight) I will cleaue thee from the crowne of thy head downe to thy girdle, with the fury of a *Diuisio*. Briefly, if thou art not reconcil'd, I shall gore thee with the Hornes of this *Dilemma*. If thou Come, Mine Innocencie will ouercome thee, if thou do'st Not Come, thine Owne Cowardinesse: farewell till our next meeting with horreur, and then eternally thy ordain'd Destroyer;

But I wil not name my selfe, lest the sound thereof should kill thee with an astonishing feare, and so snatch thee from the terrour of my prodigious furie.

Well, Ile goe carry *Poeta* this Letter of Commission for his Execution, and if he haue the heart to reade it through, without falling into halfe a dozen swoons, Ile say hee has a good heart; but I must haste, or else I thinke *Logicus* himselfe will ouertake me.

Exit.

OThe soule of *Aristotle*! I was neuer in such a *Pradica-*
ment before in all my life: well, Ile to *Causidicus*, they
say his house is hereabout, and I thinke this bee it: ho, who's
within?

From within. *Causidicus.* Who's there?

Logicus. There's an answer indeed; when I aske who's
within? he asks, who's without?

*Enter CAUSIDICVS in a Lawyers Gewne, a lac'd Ruffe, a
black Hat, black Suit, Gloves, Silk stockins, Garters, Roscs, &c.*

O, saue you Sir, do's not one Master *Causidicus* dwell here?

Caus. Yes, what would you haue Sir?

Logicus. Haue Sir? nay, I haue more alreadie than I would
haue.

Caus. If you haue any businesse, you may impart it to me.

Logicus. Businesse? then I perceiue you are all for Busi-
nesse, you haue but little entertainment for a friend; well Sir,
are not you a Lawyer?

Caus. I may not denie my profession, Sir.

Logicus. If then you are a Lawyer Sir, you are either a
Ciuill Lawyer, or an Vnciuill, you must admit a Diuision, Sir,
for you Lawyers are *Equiuocall*, and therefore carefully to
be distinguished before you be defin'd.

Caus. Sir, I must confesse, I am not a Ciuill Lawyer, yet I
trust not an Vnciuill.

Logicus. Nay, Sir, my Diuision holds; I proue it; Either
you are a Ciuill Lawyer, or you are not a Ciuill Lawyer: But
you confesse you are not a Ciuill Lawyer: *Ergo*, you are an
Vnciuill Lawyer.

Caus. Well then, Sir, if you would haue it so, I am an Vn-
ciuill Lawyer.

Logicus. Marrie Sir, I then feare you will scarce plead my
cause well: for my complaint is against an Vnciuill fellow,
and therefore I much suspect your vprightnesse: but yet since I
cannot make choice, I must vse you; but Sir, you must giue me
leauē to hold you a little longer vpon some Interrogatories:

if

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if you are an Vnciuill Lawyer, then you are either an Extraor-
dinarie Lawyer or a Common Lawyer.

Caus. Faith, I am no Extraordinarie Lawyer, and there-
fore (if you will) a Common Lawyer.

Logicus, Hum. Indeed had you bin an Extraordinary Lawyer,
you had bin a Disorderly Lawyer: for, though they are called
Canon Lawyers, yet are they most Extrauagant. But againe
Sir, if you are a Common Lawyer, you are to be suspected; for
commonly your Common Lawyers are to be suspected.

Enter PHLEGMATICO in a pale russet Suit; on the backe
whereof was express'd one filling a Pipe of Tobacco; on the
brest one taking Tobacco; his Hat beset round about
with Tobacco-pipes: with a Can of drinke
hanging at his girdle.

But who comes yonder? *Phlegmatico*, my valiant Armor-
bearer.

Phlegmatico. Fore Ione most Meteorologicall Tobacco! He takes Tobac-
(again) Pure Indian! (again) Not a iot Sophisticated: (a- co, drinks, and
again) A Tobacco-pipe is the Chimney of perpetuall Hospi- then spawles.
talitie: (again) Fore Ione most Metropolitane Tobacco! He drinks a-
gain and sings
while Logicus,
and Causidicus
privately with-
draw to the side
of the Stage.

Tobacco's a Musician
And in a Pipe delighteth;
It descends in a Close,
Through the Organ of the nose,
With a Rellish that inuiceth.
This makes me sing So ho, ho, So ho, ho
Ho boyes sound I loudly: (boy s,
Earth ne're did breed
Such a Iuicall weed
Whereof to boast so proudly.

That expells Cold Rheume,
And makes it flow downe quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes doe loue Long Cases:
When our braine it enters,
Our feet doe make Indentures,
Which we Seale with stamping paces.
This makes me sing So ho, &c.

Tobacco is a Traveller
Come from the Indies Hilber;
It pass'd Sea and Land
Ere it came to my hand,
And scap'd the Wind, and Weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a Physician
Good both for Sound and Sickly:
Tis a Hot Perfume

Tobacco is a Critiike,
That still Old Paper Turneth;
Whose Labour, and Care
Is as Smoke in the Aie,
That ascends from a rag when it b. r.
This makes me sing, &c. (neith.

Tobacco's an Ignis fatuus,
A Fat and Fyrie vapour;
That leads men also s

Till the Fire be Out,
Consuming like a Taster,
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a Whiffler,
And cries Huff Snuff with surie;
His Pipe's his Club and Linke ;

Hee's the vifor that does drinke;
Thus arid I feare not a Iurie.
This makes me sing So ho ho, So ho ho
Ho ho es found I loudly: (boyes,
Earth ne're did breed
Such a Ioxiall weed,
Whereof is boast so proudly.

Logicus. Faith 'tis my man *Phlegmatico*, hee's at his rheu-
matike antidote; but Ile —

Phleg. My Master, and I saw him not !

Logicus. Nay, neuer put vp your pipe, you shall not be gone
so. A fire burne this Tobacco.

He takes away
his Pipe, breakes
it, and beates
it.

Phleg. It would, if you would haue let it alone, Sir.

Logicus. You're my Target-bearer, sirrah, are you not? a
present defence at a desperate combat: beare this also home
with you, till I bring you more my selfe, you slaueing rogue.

Exit Phleg.

I looke Master *Causidicus*, I haue by Action exprest, what my
Passion before would scarce haue afforded words to deliuer;
I my selfe was in like sort beaten by a Varlet, but vpon an
vnlike cause, most iniuriously; and now I come to you to be
my aduocate, and if you will stand my friend, I shall not bee
wanting to content you in any reasonable sort; and, because
you Lawyers are somewhat Tongue-tide, suffer me to be the
Midwife to cut the string thereof, with this Siluer Penny.
Nay, pray Sir be not womanish, you shall take it.

Causid. Sir, I count my Profession Crown'd, when I plead
most causes: and since I haue at this present Sir, some impor-
tunate auocation of businesse; I will promise you a medita-
ted defence, and when you please but to intimate the instant
of your necessitie, I shall fly to you as swiftly, as with the
wings of Angels. Sir, I partly know you, is not your name
Master *Logicus*?

Logicus. I am called so, Sir.

Can. Then fare you well, good Master *Logicus*. *Exit Can.*

Logicus. Fare you well, good Master *Causidicus*. Now looke
to thy selfe *Poeta*, for I shall make thee fly to thy rayling Iam-
bicks: but looke to thy selfe, I say, for I haue put a sword
into a mad-mans hand against thee. *Exit.*

ACTVS

ACT V S II. SCENA III.

ARITHMETICA, GEOMETRES.

I Perceiue to what Center all the lines of your Circle tend.

Geom. You would rather say to what Circumference all the lines runne from my Center.

Arith. Loec, now you haue confes'd : and is't *Astronomia* that must so Out-shine *Arithmetica*? well, were her beauties as the Starres, Ile make them want the beautie of all beauties, Number ; that they shall onely bee vncertainely gaz'd vpon, vnder an Indefinite multitude.

Geom. You're out, you're out in your Account *Arithmetica*, belecue mee you are : I onely intimated your suspicion, not exprefs'd mine owne desires.

Arith. Well, *Geometres*, I haue knowne the time when your loue to *Arithmetica* was more Solid, and not thus Superficiall; the time was when *Geometres* would not doe any thing without *Arithmetica*; not measure a Foot of ground, but aske of *Arithmetica* how many Inches it was; not an Inch but inquire of *Arithmetica* how many Graines were in't : but now forsooth the pride of his desires is rais'd to an Higher pitch; and now *Astronomia* is the Starre vpon which his eye is fixt; and now *Astronomia* is the *Magnetic* Pole, after which the Load-stone of his heart doth turne. And *Astronomia* —

Geom. Peace.

Arith. What? can't you endure to heare the name of your dearest *Astronomia*?

Geom. Not from that mouth.

Arith. Because I cannot praise her Infinitely? why then me thinks not from your owne, because you cannot praise her without Measure; well, *Geometres*, forgiue me, but I must loue thee. Come, dearest; Ile be a Globe, be thou the Axletree : Ile be a Circle, be thou the Diameter : Ile be —

Geom. A chaste virgin! I thinke shee'l get her selfe with childe by an imagination, without marrying; for shee doth already, me thinks, Multiply exceedingly, and Bring forth : well, Ile leaue you, or else there is no way, *Arithmetica*, to

stay

stay your Progression.

Exit Geometres.

Arith. Well, *Geometres*, know, when thou once forsakest Number, thou then run'st headlong into confusion; but this is the misery of inthral'd affections; yet since I cannot differ them, I will mitigate them; and so long count them at least supportable, as they shall not exceed Number and Measure.

ACT V. SCENA V.

POETA.

Melancholico enters, takes money and departs.

Hist, *Melancholico*, passion o' me! I had almost forgot the maine point of the businesse: here give that to *Confidicus*. A man may as well open an Oyster without a knife, as a Lawyers mouth without a fee; but if he were halfe dead, that would (like strong-water to a dying man) make him Gape, though he could not speake. O the Serpentine ingratitude of man! that these snakes, whom I haue nourished in my bosome, should now sting me! This *Logicus*, a base, dry-brain'd, kecks-witted clinch-fist, not long agoe, perceiuing his fortunes to bee brought to a desperate precipitation; through the incomprehensible difficultie of his Artlesse curiosities, most fawningly embosomes himselfe into my acquaintance, vpon a former consideration of my alluring faculty; and in the dustie termes of some cob-web eloquence, blunderingly stammerd out his extreme, his extreme wants: for he had onely so much enforced rhetoricke, as to bring out those words twice, & so by chance light vpon a sorry Figure; then brutishly he expres'd the rest, rather by crying than speaking; (& indeed he had no more moisture else in him, than onely to bewaile his owne miserie) when asking what was his request, he answer'd, that I would turne his vnpleasant rules into pleasant Verse: I straight out of the open freenes of my nature and an effuse goodnesse, preuented the repetition of his sute, by a quicke consent; there vpon set my selfe a worke, and after some trauell perform'd it: Some Trauell I say; for by the Nine *Muses*, I thinke I was aboue Nine Moneths in trauell with that monstrous birth: If one but consider what
 splay-

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Splay-footed verses they were, a man would sweare, that some infernall hagge, not a Muse (though vnwilling) had beene the mother of them; which vnhappy labour when I had shew'd vnto him, the reuiuing wretch fals on's knees, admires the worke, calls me the *Æsculapius* of his saluation, and with hands lifted vp, vowes to pay his vowes at the *Muses* altar; that I now more admir'd at his admiration, than at the deformities of mine owne Worke: for, by *Ioue*, they are such vnblest, such vnluckie verses, that, besides the losse of custome, which they may iustly procure the Author, they are able to make a man bee suspected for a Coniurer; there wants nothing but a Circle to make a complete coniuration.

Fecana, Caieti, Dafenes, Hebare, Gedaco,

Gebali stant, non stant, Febas, Hebas, Hecas.

Sure I thinke it should haue beene *Hecate*. Well, he enioyes them; and vpon the happinesse of this successe came *Grammaticus* to me with the like sute: 'faith I did it, and cast most of his Rules likewise into Verse: but by *Ioue*, since the proud Schoolmaster has show'd himselfe thus vngracious and stiffe-necked towards me, Ile bee euen with him; and now I thinke on't, there's all his *Syntaxis* yet to doe; but by this hand, if euer I turne line of it into Verse, let me hereafter bee a meere *Heteroclite*, and the very *Aptoton* of a foole *per omnes casus*.

ACTVS II. SCENA VI.

PHYSIOGNOMVS. } The one of a greater stature, the other
CHEIROMANTES. } little: attir'd like Rogues, in totter'd
} apparell, with black faces like Gyp-
} lies; in flat round caps close to their
} heads, without bands and girdles, with
} truncheons in their hands.

PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEIROMANTES, POETA.

Let's set vpon him. The gods preserue you Sir, from the blacke dragon of the night.

Choir. The broad eye of the Heauens still attend you Sir.

Phys. And grant that the sweet Fairies may nightly put

E

money

mony in your shoes Sir.

Cheir. And sweepe your house cleane Sir.

Phys. And make you the rich husband of many wiues.

Cheir. And the blest father of many children.

Phys. The gods of the night send you happy dreames.

Cheir. And that you may neuer pare your nailes vpon a Friday.

Phys. And that the horse-shoe may neuer bee pul'd from your threshold.

Cheir. And that your Stables may bee alwaies free from the queene of the Goblins.

Phys. That your nose may neuer bleed only three drops at a time.

Cheir. That a yellow Death-mould may neuer appeare vpon your hand, or any part of your body.

Phys. That you may neuer stumbe at your going out in the morning.

Cheir. That you may —

Poeta. Be ridde of you Varlets. What Egyptian darknes has seaz'd vpon your faces?

Phys. Wee are indeed from Egypt-land, and't please your good vrship: Brother, by the *Ruffian*, I thinke this is a *quier cone*, he cuts such *quier whidds*: Good Sir, if you be a *Gentry cone*, vouchsafe some small *Win*, or but a *Make*, for wee haue neither *Lowre*, nor *Libbeg*, nor *Libkin*.

Cheir. No by *Salomon*, vnlesse it be *Strommell* sometimes in a *Skipper*; wee had rather *Mawnd* then *Mill* to keepe vs from *Trining*.

Phys. Good *Gentry cone* vouchsafe vs a little *Lowre*, or some old *Duddes*, as a *Castir* or a *Commission*.

Poeta. Marry if I had a *Commission*, I knew what to doe with you.

Cheir. Ah, your good vrship, to couer our *Quarommes*, that our wants may not driue vs to the *Chates* — let me see your *Famble* good Master.

Poeta. My *Famble Villaine*? This is almost as bad as the language of *Logicus*.

Phys. Ah your good vrship! it is the *Gypsy* language: the
vrship

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vrship of the gods blesse your faire *Glafiers*, and looke out with your mercifull eyne.

Cheiro. Gentle Ruler of this place, if so you be, vouchsafe to fauour vs in the way of truth for the gods cause.

Phys. Somewhat towards a meales meat, Well and Wisely bestow vpon vs, and the Go-ads reward you for't.

Cheir. Ah good Master well and wisely, giue mee but an old sheet against the cold, or an old Petticoat or smocke of my Mistres's (Heauen saue her life) for my poore *Doxy*.

Phys. Good Sir giue but a cup of your best drinke well and wisely. The gods saue the King and his Councell, and the gouernours of this place; you shall haue a faire wife Master, and many children.

Poeta. Ha! a faire wife and many children? how know'st thou that? what's thy name?

Phys. Physiognomus, good Master.

Poeta. And thine?

Cheir. Cheiromantes, and't like your good vrship.

Poeta. Physiognomus, and *Cheiromantes*? Why what can you doe?

Phys. We can tell the will of the Heauens good Master;

Cheir. We can tell your fortune, Master.

Poeta. My fortune? why what's my fortune?

Cheir. You shall haue a very faire wife.

Poeta. Shall haue? thou mean'st, Would haue.

Cheir. No Historie euer made mention of so faire a one; she shall be as beautifull as the Starres.

Poeta. Ha! as beautifull as the Starres? and no Historie euer made mention of so faire a one? why that is, it shall not be *Historia* but *Astronomia*. I'me crown'd! Sirrah, you flatter mee.

Cheir. It is the decree of the gods Sir.

Poeta. Why now my dreame's out.

Cheir. You shall haue many children, and one of them shall be borne with Teeth in his head, and his name shalbe *Satyrice*.

Poeta. Nay, Ile beare with any misfortune in my children, so I may bee happy in my wife. O diuine *Astronomia*! why? was not this my very dreame?

his Poets
 rises up ear-
 sly, Chairo-
 antes picks his
 sheet, takes out
 booke and a
 rise, and so he
 with Phyllog-
 amus departs.

ME thought as on a shadie banke I lay,
 The whilst a murm'ring Brooke did gently play
 With his soft sliding waues, and did complaine
 How *Astronomia* did my loue disdain;
 A Ladie, like my Loue, in Heau'n did stand,
 The Sunne and Moone waiting on either hand:
 And when I spake, shee Frown'd: and, when I cri'd,
 Shee, with a wanton smile, seem'd to deride.
 At last the Sunne and Moone did both descend,
 And vnto me, me thought, their course did bend.
 But when they were drawne nigh, they both appear'd
 Cole-blacke; that with the wonder I was fear'd.
 They came and kiss'd me, and then suddenly
 They both did vanish from my trembling eye.
 The Lady then, seeming to smile, did make
 A signe vnto me, and did bid me take
 The Teian Poet, sweet *Anacreon*,
 My indiuiduall companion;
 And in my natiue language to translate
 His *Niobe*, and as it was her fate
 To turne into a stone; so I by this
 Should finde a stranger *Metamorphosis*:
 And shee, that I did loue, should change her heart
 Of stone, and by her loue release my smart.
 I tooke my booke and straight translated it;
 (Lines soone are pen'd when Loue doth dictate wit.)
 With that me thought shee pull'd me vp vnto her,
 And said; Ile now refresh thee my grieu'd wooer.
 Shee pull'd me vp, and when I was eu'n crown'd
 With Heau'n, shee let me fall backe to the ground.
 When with the fall me thought I lost my deare
Anacreon, and that increas'd my feare.
 Then with this double feare I straight awakt,
 And my faint ioynts with a chill horror shakt.
 Ile comment thus: that face that from aboue
 Appear'd, was the faire image of my loue,
 Bright *Astronomia*: and the darkned Sun
 And Moone that graciously vouchsaf't to run

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From their owne Sphere to kisse me, were these two
Blacke, but glad messengers, (if this be true
They doe pronounce) and therefore they were sent
From heau'n, because they knew the gods intent.
The turning of *Anacreon* doth imply
I shall obtaine her loue by Poesie.
And, ere I rose, this morne I made my quill
Expresse *Anacreons* Ionian skill.
Verses can draw the Moone from Heau'n; then may
My lines, if blest, winne *Astronomia*.
Her letting me fall downe, was not true story,
But feind'd by enuious sleepe to make me sorry.
So was the losing my *Anacreon*:
But dearest friend, as yet thou art not gone:
No, no, my hopes and ioyes are too too great;
And these doe flatter me too much —

But stay--- O my *Anacreon*, my *Anacreon*, I haue lost my *Anac-*
reon: Varlets, Villaines, I'me deluded, my pockets are pickt;
I haue lost my *Anacreon*: did I dreame? or did I make Verses?
or was I mad? now my dreame's out, 'tis out indeed, all; for
now I remember me, I left out the worst part vnexpounded,
and that was their vanishing from me: well, this 'tis to be a
Starre-gazer, and fall into a pit; I was thinking of *Astrono-*
mia, when I was by promise to haue met with *Geographus*:
well, Ile pursue my first intendment, and to *Geographus* for the
learning of the languages; and feare ne're a corriuall vnder
Heauen, now *Mythridates*, and *Scaliger* are dead. *Exit Poeta.*

*He sees in his
pockets, and finds
himselfe coo-
zen'd.*

ACTVS II. SCENA VII.

MEDICVS, in a Physicians gowne, a lac'd ruffe-band, a blacke
Sattin suit, silke stockings, garters, roses, &c.

MAGVS, ASTROLOGIA, MEDICVS,
PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEI-
ROMANTES.

I, But *Medicus*, who brought you word that *Poeta* was
sicke?

Medic. Why, *Historia* has sent one vnto mee, now to in-

treat me to minister vnto him my best phyficke; and the messenger told me (as he heard, it seemes) the occasion thereof, which was, that *Historia* who was in loue with him, hearing that he was hurt in a fray with *Logicus* and *Grammaticus*, out of the iealous feare of her abundant loue, sent to me thus carefully, vpon the suspicion of his hurt.

Magus. Why, *Physiognomus*, did *Pacta* seeme to you, to be well?

Physiog. Yes; ifaith; or if hee were sicke 'twas more in minde than in body.

Magus. Well, *Medicus*, where's the messenger?

Medic. Why, at my house expecting my returne.

Magus. Backe then, in all haste, and by her seruant send him poyson, that if he be sicke he may die: and so one may be remou'd out of *Geometres* his way. And if the poyson chance to be discover'd, thou maist pretend 'twas her treachery, because he does not loue her, and that thy phyficke was good.

Medic. Let mee alone, I warrant you; but if I can but once come to the handling of him my selfe. Ile giue him but a clyster; & blow him vp with a Pouders, I warrant him. *Exit Medic*.

Magus. But, *Physiognomus*, are you sure 'twas he? did not you mistake him?

Physiog. Faith, neither of vs knew him very well; but *Cheirromantes* has brought some testimonies from him.

Magus. What, I prethee? what?

Cheiro. Marry, Sir, a booke, and that I thinke is a signe of a Scholer; but I haue a purse too, and that, I thinke, is not a signe of a Scholer.

Magus. What's in't? what's in't?

Cheiro. Nay, Ile sweare, wee both ran since I Nimb'd it, that wee durst not be so bold yet, as to take leasure to looke in't, but now Ile see.

Magus. What's this? *Anacreon*? an old bawdy Poet? a fit companion for such a Gallant.

Cheiro. A fire burne it; here's nothing but a scuruy paper.

Magus. But a murren, how couldst thou possibly get these things from him?

Physiog. Faith, *Cheiremantas*, by the flight of the Hand did it very neatly.

Cheiro.

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Cheiro. I, 'faith, I ha' the tricke on't : for (a rapture of loue feazing on him, and casting him into an extasie) hee fell a talking to himselfe of a dreame he had : I seeing he was false into a Dreame, perswaded my selfe he was fast asleepe ; and so presumptuously diu'd into his pockets, whence I brought these spoiles.

Magus. Good, good, prethee let's see the paper.

Anacreons Niobe, or his *Lyricks* to his loue, beginning with the daughter of *Tantalus* or *Niobe*, thus,

Ἡ Τανταλὸς ποτ' ἔσῃ

Ἄδῃς ὀργῶν ἐν ὄχθαις.

Translated by mee this morning vpon occasion of my celestiaall vision.

Astrol. Prettie, prettie, why these Poets, they are all of them borne, I thinke, vpon Friday at the sixth houre, for then *Venus* has the dominion of the Day, and *Mars* of the Houre ; now the Planet of the Day does chiefly gouerne their Actions, and the Planet of the Houre does admix a Subordinate Influence, and that's the reason that your Poets haue more of *Venus* in them than *Mars* ; yet sometimes they are in combats, as lately *Poeta* : so on the other side your Warriors for the most part are borne vpon Tuesdaies at the third houre, for then *Mars* has the dominion of the Day, and *Venus* of the Houre, and therefore your Warriors haue more of *Mars* than *Venus*.

Magus. Well, let's reade them.

To his Loue.

NIOBE, as they say, once stood
Turn'd to a stone by Phrygian flood,
PANDIONS daughter (so fame sings)
Chang'd to a Swallow had swift wings.
But I a Looking-glasse would bee,
Still to be lookt vpon by Thee :
Or I (my Loue) would be thy Gemme,
By Thee to be worne up and downe.
Or a pure Well full to the brimmes,
That I might wash Thy purer limmes.

Or I'd be precious Balme to 'Noynt
 With choifest care each Choifest ioynt.
 Or, if I might, I would be (faine)
 About Thy necke thy happy Chaine.
 Or would it were my blessed hap
 To be the Lawne o're Thy faire Pap.
 Or would I were thy Shoo to bee
 Daily but Trod upon by Thee.

Prettie, prettie, by the dimpled chin of my *Astrologia*, prettie;
 He giue the rascall his *Anacreon* againe (because I cannot tell
 what to doe with it) for this tricke, and tell him I found it, and
 so make him fall in loue with mee most poetically; well, my
 little rascals, expect a better bootie of some richer bodie the
 next time; be gone: but be in readinesse, there is to be a ban-
 quet at *Ethicus* his house, for the reconciling of *Logicus*,
Grammaticus, and this *Poeta*, if hee can be there, and I with
Astrologia are invited thither, wherefore if there should be a-
 ny occasion of imployment for you, be at hand.

Physiog. } Wee warrant you. *Exeunt Physiognomus*
Cheiro. } *& Cheiromantes.*

Magus. Now, *Astrologia*, take that powder, and according
 to my instructions at the banquet, see that *Astronomia* drinke
 it off, and I warrant her then, 'twill make her loue our more
 lou'd *Geometres*.

Astrol. Feare not, I know alreadie by the Starres 'twill take
 effect. *Exit Astrologia.*

Magus. Farewell; I must to *Geometres*, or else i'faith he'll
 Coniure me for staying. *Exit Magus.*

ACTVS II. SCENA VIII.

POETA, GEOGRAPHVS,
 PHANTASTES.

FOr the learning of your languages, Sir, I must confesse, I
 doe highly approue of it, but I see no such necessitie of tra-
 uelling, beside the danger and expence that must be vnder-
 gone.

Geogr. O, Sir, I could tell you such wonders, as would in-
 flame you with a desire. *Poet.*

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Poet. As what, I pray you, Sir?

Geogr. Sir, I can impart such rarities of relation vnto you, as would amaze you; and yet they are familiar to a Trauellour. In a City of Greece, I remember I saw the admired net, which *Vulcan* made to entangle *Mars* and *Venus*; and 'tis hang'd vp in a Temple dedicated to the same god, and by himselfe was giuen thereunto, to the terror of all Cuckold-makers for euer.

Poet. O strange! but, Sir, as I remember that net was inuisible.

Geogr. Hum--oh--true Sir, it was inuisible, but, Now Sir--it is to be seene.

Phant. Sir, I will take leaue to helpe a little my Masters memorie, not his inuention; for by *Ioue*, Sir, and by the *Artemysian Mausoleum*, which these eyes, not without amazement, haue beheld, 'tis true; thus 'twas, Sir: it can be seene by any honest man; but if any Adulterer casts his eyes towards it, he presently loses his sight, and therefore it is their manner of Triall for those that are accus'd of adulteric.

Poet. O wonderfull!

Geogr. Nay, Sir, in another place of Greece there is a round, close Valley, incompass'd with exceeding high Hills; only on one side there is a narrow entrance into it, and through the middest of it runnes a delicate streame, by the banke of which if a man stand, he shall as perfectly heare the Musicke of the *Sphaeres*, as if he were amongst them: and the cause of this, by the inhabitants is thought to be the height of the Hills: which keeping-in the sound, and bringing it down to the water, does by an aëriall resultancy produce a most reciprocal representation of the diuine harmonic.

Poet. Oh, that I was not made a trauellour!

Geog. Nay, Sir, moreouer it is so sweet, that the hearer can neuer leaue hearing of his owne accord, but stands still.

Poet. O wonderfull! but then I pray, Sir, how does hee come away?

Geogr. Hum--faith I was told the deuice of that, but I haue forgot.

Phant. O, Sir, I perfectly remember it, 'twas thus: The in-

habitants haue, at the foot of the out-side of the Hill, dig'd forth an entrance, and vnderneath haue made a Vault which reaches iust to the banke of the Riuer, all along the side of which, they haue made a many trap-doores, and so when a man has heard enough, they vnbolt the trap-doores within, and let him slide downe gently.

Poet. Oh admirable! but mee thinks when the doore is open, they should heare it below like wise in the Vault, and stand still there too.

Phant. Well, Sir, by my Mothers soule (that oath I learn't in Spaine) 'tis a truth; and the reason it cannot be heard lower is, because the sound does not descend below the water.

Poet. Indeed, that's an excellent reason.

Phant. Nay, by *Ioue*, Sir, I scorne to lie; I scorne to speake any thing without reason, by *Ioue*; by *Ioue*, Ile giue as good a reason of those things I know, as any man vnder the cope of Heauen; I will, by *Ioue*.

Geogr. Why, I haue scene white beares with faces would make you fall in loue with them.

Poet. O strange! white beares! and yet indeed I haue heard that a late in *America* there are white beares, but they are most terrible.

Geogr. Nay, Sir, and these haue long tailes.

Poet. That's somewhat worth the admiration; and yet I thinke all Beares at first had long tailes, or else why should the Beare in the heauens haue one!

Geogr. 'Tis true; yet (if you marke it) 'tis broken.

Poet. O, that came thus; when *Iupiter* pull'd him vp to heauen by the taile, the weight of his body broke it, whereupon *Iupiter* caught him by the rumpe, and so tyed his taile together againe, and that is the reason of the knot in the middle of it, and so it has euer since hung slopeling downe-ward, if you marke it.

Geogr. Againe, Sir, in my trauellis in *Tuscany*, I beheld a most curious peece of Architedure; it was an hall built in the forme of a crosse, that, which way soeuer the wind fate, or the Sunne shin'd, a man might alwayes goe to one of the ends,
and

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and so decline the present violence of the season: and as in an arbour, vnto which the Sun has access, you shall see boughes at the top correspondently represented on the ground in the shadow: so whatsoever curious work was scene in the rooffe of this building, the same vnderneath was exprest in the Floore.

Poet. I fancie the conceit prettily.

Phant. Nay, Sir; I tell you a wonder, wee met with a Trauellour that could speake some six languages at the same instant.

Poet. How? at the same instant! that's impossible.

Phant. Nay, Sir, the actualitie of the performance puts it beyond all contradiction. With his tongue hee'd vowell you out as smooth *Italian*, as any man breathing: with his Eye he would sparkle forth the proud *Spanish*: with his Nose blow out most Robustious *Dutch*: the Creaking of his High-heel'd Shoo would articulate exact *Polonian*: The knocking of his shin-bones *Fœminine French*: and his Belly would grumble most pure and Scholer-like *Hungary*.

Poet. How? his Belly speake?

Phant. Alas, that's the least wonder, for at what time *Pythagoras* flourish'd, that was a familiar thing with his Scholers: and I may confirme it by a perswasive induction drawne from your *Pythonisses*, and your new-fashion'd Lutes that sound from within, Sir, from within: nay, besides all this, Sir, at the same time his Eares could sing, and his Braines crow; and he could Laugh till the teares stood in's Eyes.

Poet. O wonderfull! wonderfull!

Geogr. If you please, Sir, now to imploy mee, not onely my Wants, but also my Loue shall make mee diligently respectfull.

Poet. Sir, I courteously accept your offered endeouours.

Geogr. Ah, dearest *Astronomia*, 'tis for thy sake I doe thus.

Poet. How? for *Astronomia's*? [*hee spake that to himselfe*]

Sir, I am on a sudden lesse well affected, wherefore pardon, I pray you, an abrupt intreating of your present departure, and some speedie occasion shall shortly offer a second meeting.

He speakes this aside to himselfe, and Poeta overheares him.

Geog. Well Sir, we thanke you; *Apollo* be alwayes the Patron of your Muse and Health.

Poe a. For *Astronomia's* sake? why? is he in loue with her? (For *Astronomia's* sake!) or is hee in loue with mee! I woun't torture my selfe, Ile expound gently; Hee's in loue with mee, and because (it may be) he heares I loue her, hee accounts (it may bee) that hee does this, that I may obtaine her: and thus (it may be) hee meanes hee does this for Her: This is Scuruie; Master *Geographus* you haue marr'd your owne Market; my stomacke's turn'd; I haue Tongues enow for a wise-man; thousands before me haue got Wife and Children, more than they could keepe, without learning the Languages; and therefore from hence-forth, for feare of the worst, you may, Master *Geographus*, (if you please) vndertake a second Trauell.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

POETA in his Night-cap and Slippers, unbutton'd and untruss'd.

POETA.

Melancholico comes in, and layes downe his Lute and departs.

BE not farre off.

That nothing is entire!
 Nothing all-blest! but still some new desire
 Brings a new torture! and this Fate does lie,
 An heauie weight on all mortalitie!
 It does; thus was not lately my affection
 Chain'd to *Historia* by a strong subiection?
 Did I not pule, and pine, intreat, and crie?
 Pretend a sicknesse? threaten I would die,
 If she not lou'd me? did I not act all
 The frantike parts where with Loue does inthrall
 His Rebell-Subiects? Did I not looke Sad
 If shee but Frown'd; and, if shee Smil'd, looke Glad?
 I did; and tooke delight to be inchain'd
 To her, Hope said at last shee might be gain'd.
 Yet see the wheele of change! I now doe scorne
 Her teares, and now she thinks her selfe forlorne.

Mel. Pardon my intrusion Sir, *Historia*
 Hearing you were hurt lately in a Fray,

Melancholico
 enters.

Has.

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Was in her ieaiousie of loue sent here
Some Physicke, to preuent a greater feare.

Poeta. She should haue sent me Poyson, for from her
I count it so; yet let the Messenger
Returne our courteous gratitude. Begon. *Exit Melancholico.*
Lo, thus vexations neuer come alone;
Well, I woun't loue her; nay, Ile hate her more
Hence-forth; she plagues me worse than before.

Enter MELANCHOLICO, and SANGVIS.

Mel. Pardon once more, Sir, here comes sent by her,
Medicus Seruant to administer
The Physicke.

Poeta. — Why, I prethee know I lacke
No Physicke; there'tis, thou maist carry't backe.

Sanguis. The Gods forbid, Sir, this is Poyson.

Poeta. — How!

Sanguis. 'Tis Poyson, Sir.

Poeta. — Why? it was sent but now
From my Loue-sicke *Historia*.

Sanguis. — So 't may be:
They 'ue chang'd my Masters Physicke.

Poeta. — Oh to see
The Treacherie of women! well, conceale
The fact as yet; iust time shall all reueale.

Exeunt MELANCHOLICO, and SANGVIS.

O Women, Witches, Monsters, Furies, Deuils,
The impure extract of a World of euils;
Natures great Errour; the obliquitie
Of the Gods Wisdome; and th' Anomalie
From all that's good; I'l curse you all below
The Center, and if I could, then further throw
Your cursed heads, and if any should gaine
A place in Heau'n, Ile rime'em downe againe
To a worse ruine; yet me thinkes I heare
How *Astronomia* whispers in mine eare,
And begs a Pardon for them; well; to thee
I'l yeeld, thou stand'st aboue mortalitic.

*Sanguis leakes
on the poyson.*

TEXNOTAMIA, or

A spire, my gentle *Muse*, inflame my brest;
Then thus my gracefull loue shall be exprest.

Her Brow is like a braue *Heroicke* line,
That does a sacred Maiestie inshrine.

Her Nose *Phalenciacke*-like in comely sort
Ends in a *Trochee*, or a long and short.

Her Mouth is like a prettie *Dimeter*;

Her Eie-browes like a little-longer *Trimeter*.

Her Chinne is an *Adonicke*; and her Tongue——

Is an *Hypermeter*, somewhat too-long.

Her Eies, I may compare them vnto two
Quick-turning *Dactyles*, for their nimble View.

Her Necke *Asclepiad*-like turnes round about
Behind, before a little bone stands out.

Her Ribs like Staues of *Sapphicks* doe descend
Thither, which but to name were to offend.

Her Armes like two *Iambicks* rais'd on hie,
Doe with her Brow beare equall Maiestie.

Her Legs like two strait *Spondees*, keep a pace
Slow as two *Seazons*, but with stately grace.

Thankes to my *Muse*; yet why doe I admire
Her thus, whom I enioy but by desire?

For more I neuer shall; this is my weight
Of grieffe, and this my preordained Fate.

Come, come, thou part of Heau'n, companion
Of all my woes and loues, thou that alone

Dost in the mid'st of sorrowes yeeld releefe,

And though not take away, make lesse my grieffe.

He playes on his Lute, then leaues off, and speakes againe.

My dearest Lute, *Apollo's* best inuention

Wherewith he does compose the wilde dissention

Of our vtun'd desires, which would confound

Vs quite, but that they breake forth with a sound!

Sighs from our brests are like sounds from thy wombe,

Borne dead, and buri'd in an aërie Tombe.

Sigh then to *Cupid*, tell him he's too blame

Not raising in my loue a mutuall flame.

*e takes up his
ite.*

He

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He playes on his Lute, and leauing off, calsto his man

MELANCHOLICO.

Ho, *Melancholico.*

Mel. — Here Sir.

Poeta. — Begon.

Mel. Did you not call me Sir?

Poeta. — Sirrah, begon.

He playes a little on his Lute, and then cals MELAN-
CHOLICO againe.

Ho, *Melancholico,*

Mel. — Sir.

Poeta. Dance, I say,

Dance.

Mel. — I can't.

Poeta. — Sirrah, dance that which I play.

He playes the Antique on his Lute, and MELANCHOLICO
dances, then abruptly leauing off, he speakes to him.

Begon: { MELANCHOLICO } Sirrah, begon.
 { continues dancing. }

[*Hee playes againe on his Lute, and suddenly leauing of,*
throwes it away.

————— Away, away,

Charmer, Inchanter, tis a truth to say,

Our bodies cast their shapes into the Ayre,

And can appeare when they are gon; so rare

Philosophers haue held, and so I hold:

Pardon, great *Astronomia*, I was bold,

Too-bold, I doe confesse, but my dimme sight

Could not before behold thee though so bright.

But now mine eyes are cleer'd; on my bow'd knee,

I aske a Pardon of thy Maiestie.

Pardon thy Poet, and vouchsafe this grace,

That thy rich beauties he may thus embrace.

And now, deare Loue, adde hereunto one kisse,

And then thou shalt in heau'n my soule with blisse.

Maro, thy Riddle's solu'd: I thus vntye

The knot, which thou didst knit, mens wits to try.

He saizes Astro-
nomia to be pre-
sent, sa's on his
knees, embracts
and kisses the
ayre: then rise.

Dis:

*Dic quibus in terris (& eris mihi magnus APOLLO)
Trespateat Cœli spatium (non amplius) vlnas ?*

Maro. 'tis here ; here's *Astronomia* ;
Here's Heav'n clos'd in those narrow limits ; nay,
Here's Deitie, the object of all loves,
Enough to make a thousand Heav'ns of *Iones*.
See, see, how she ascends ! mount, mount, great *Queene*
Of Heav'n, and in full lustre be thou scene
Mortalities amazement ; see, she's gone
To mount yet higher to a stately Throne,
Plac'd on the Azure pavement of the Starres,
Guarded by Dayes, Monthes, Houres, then sees the warres
Of *Pygmie*-mortals ——. *Enter MELANCHOLICO.*

He thinks he
sees her ascen-
ding into Hea-
ven.

Mel. — Sir, here's *Ethicus*
Is come, and sayes hee'd speake with you.

Poeta. — — With vs ?

Admit him in. *Exit Melancholico. Enter ETHICVS.*

Ethicus. — Hay ! scarce drest yet ! how so ?

Poeta. What ? comes your froward age to chide vs ?

Ethicus. — No.

But to invite you to a Feast, my selfe your friend,
Desirous of your peace, to set an end
To your contentions with *Grammaticus*
And *Logicus*, to night doe purpose thus
To make you friends.

Poeta. But —

Ethicus. — Nay, no buts: Be there.

Poeta. I will.

Ethicus. — Why thankes. Welcome shall be your cheere.
Exit Ethicus.

Poeta. Well then, Ile in and dresse me, and so come,
Yet better twere perchance you had my roome. *Exit Poeta.*

ACTVS II. SCENA III.

GEOMETRES, MAGVS.

I But Sir, can it be lawfull to deale with spirits ?

Magnus. Whilst you are onely a *Geometrician*, it is law-
full

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full for you to deale only with bodies: but if you will vnder-
take Our Superiour facultie, 'tis not onely lawfull, but most
honourable; why Sir, 'tis one of the greatest gifts of the gods
to haue command ouer Spirits; but for the approbation of it,
you may only looke backe vnto the antiquitie thereof, which
is drawne from more than eight hundred yeares before the
Siege of *Troy*, in the time of *Agonaces*, and of the renowned
Zoroaster a King of the *Bactrians*, who described the high
Mysterie of this Diuine Science in an hundred thousand ver-
ses; after these there flourished *Iobeth*, *Toluscol*, *Zamolxis*,
whose admired fame was afterwards emulated by *Almadal*,
Alchindus, and *Hipocus*, *Arabians*: *Apuscorus*, *Zaratus*,
and *Cobares*, *Medians*: *Marmaridius*, a *Babylonian*; *Zar-*
mocenidas, an *Assyrian*; *Abbaris*, an *Hyperborean*; *Thesphetion*,
an *Ethiopian*; *Arnuphis*, an *Egyptian*: *Theurgus*, a *Chal-*
dean: with these I may recite *Cambyses*, *Zamares*, *Charondas*,
Demogorgon, *Gobrias*, *Arbatel*, *Apollonius*, *Gog*, *Hostanes*,
Atyr, *Choastes*—

Geom. Good Sir, doe not coniure.

Magus. No Sir, these are nothing but the names of the Sa-
cred Professours of this Diuine Science.

Geom. I but it may be Sir, they had coniuring names.

Magus. Alas, Sir! 'tis not so easie a matter to worke effe-
ctually in our Sacred Science, as most men thinke it is, and as
I will most manifestly declare vnto you; for this is a rule, you
must be first an Absolute Astrologian; vpon which fundamen-
tall Supposition I thus proceed: before you can obtaine the
knowledge of Astrologie, you must be a most Grounded Phi-
losopher, a sound Physician, and an exquisite Mathematici-
an; by the helpes of which Sciences you shall know the cour-
ses of the Starres; the number of the Orbs; your Poles; the
Circles; the Verticall and Pedall points; the Azimuth, or Ver-
ticall Circle; the Almucantarath or Circles of Altitude; the
Concentricitie and Excentricitie of the Orbs; the Ascen-
dent, and Descendent Knots, or Syndesmes, that Cut the E-
cliptike; your Orbs Equant, Epicyclicall, and Deferent of
the Apogeum, and Perigeum, or of the Highest and Lowest
Absis; the Planetarie Aspects, or Configurations, either Right

as Coniunction and Opposition, or Collaterall as Sextile, Square, and Trine; the Direct motion of the Planets, their Retrogradation and Station; then Sir, your Astrologie is either Canonick for the Influence of the Starres, or Thematicall for the Erektion of a Scheme of the Heauens, wherein is to bee knowne the Order of the Domicils, and the Inscription. Then there is your Iudiciarie, which is either Genethliacall, or Catholike instructing in predictions, either Idiomaticall or Symptomaticall; the eight and twentie Mansions of the Moone; the Symbolization of Occult qualities in Herbs, with the Planets; Signacles, Pentacles, Planetarie Suffumigations, Vnctions, Phylters, Rings, Alligations, Suspensions; the twelue Scales of the Numbers; the Duodenarie Scale, either Cabalisticall or Orphicall; the Characters, Seales, and Bands of Spirits-----

Geom. You'l giue me all this in writing Sir; woun't you?

Magus. Yes Sir, yes. Then are there diuers kinds of your Magicke, as Necromancie, Anthropomancie, Gastromancie, Cheiromancie, Coscinomancy,-----

Geom. I pray, doe you your selre know how many there are in all?

Magus. Sir, One and twentie. Ile begin them ouer againe, if you will. Necromancie, Anthropomancie-----

Geom. Nay, good Sir hold, we haue enough alreadie: But I perceiue you Magicians haue admitable memories to get hard words by heart; I maruell you doe not turne Dictionarie makers: Why? I warrant there's no hard word but you can tell the meaning on't: you'd put all their noses out of ioynt quite.

Magus. I, and put them out of their wits, if wee list: But then, Sir, to know the Spirit of Euerie Day, and Houre; his Name, Power, and Legions vnder him, his Forme of appearing, whether like a Dragon, or an Horse, or a Wolfe, or a flame of fire; the Region whence he comes; the Gift hee bestowes, whether Learning, Riches, Beautie; his Name, his Characters: these, these, are the wonders, the amazements of our Spirituall Science; Spirituall I may iustly call it, since euerie Art receiues an Excellencie from its Object: and yet (alas!)

I con .

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I confesse, I am but young in it yet, and haue scarce serued a prentice-ship in it, if it may bee call'd a seruitude, wherein there is such Freenesse, and Euagation of spirit in such exquisite knowledge; nay, Dominion ouer Spirits.

Geom. Young say you? marry, I thinke you are absolutely grounded in it, that can know all these Mysteries; ah, were it the will of the gods, I had but halfe of this skill, I'de giue all that I haue, and get more as I could; but can you doe all these Wonders?

Magus. Farre stranger, farre stranger; most amazing transformations; why, there was *Apuleius* so skilfull in this Art, that he turn'd himselfe into an Ass, and *Lucian* was turn'd into an Ass, before he studi'd it.

Geom. O strange! but can a Spirit giue Learning?

Magus. Oh, there was *Hermolaus Barbarus*, when he studied Philosophie, and lesse vnderstood any place, hee would call vp a Spirit to instruct him; so the famous *Cardans* father carryed one alwaies in a Ring on his finger; and *Agrippa* had his Dogge with a Characteriz'd Collar.

Geom. But can you by your Art, tell mee whether or no I shall haue *Astronomia*?

Magus. Any thing.

Geom. How!

Magus. Why, I can doe it by *Coscinomancie*.

Geom. What's that?

Magus. By the turning of a Siue.

Geom. But I haue heard, that's onely for things stolne.

Magus. Ah, 'tis more generall, and that you shall see; stay here, Ile but step forth. *Exit Magus.*

Geom. Well, this is the man whom the Heauens haue ordain'd to make me happie; O *Venus*, be fauourable vnto me, and Ile build thee a fayrer Temple than euer the *Ephesians* directed to *Diara*.

MAGVS enters.

Magus. Come Sir, here are Sheeres and a Siue, I must fasten the Sheeres? now doe as I bid you; Hold vp the side of the Sheeres with your finger. *(he puts the wrong finger)* Nay, come, your middle-finger: So; now must I say a mysticall forme of powerfull words, and then name those that wee sus-

pea shall haue her; and amongst them name you also; and at whose name the Siue turnes, he shall haue her.

Geom. If it do's not turne at mine, I shall die: 'pray make it turne at mine.

Magus. Nay, then it must goe for nothing, for it must turne of its owne accord. Be silent now. *Dies mies, Ieschet, bene doefet, Dowima, Enitemaus.* Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Poeta*? (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Logicus*?

Geom. Hee's not in loue with her, Sir; 'pray doe not you put in him too.

Magus. O vile! peace; now must I begin againe. *Dies mies, Ieschet, Bene doefet, Dowima, Enitemaus.* Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Poeta*? (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Logicus*? (*It stands still.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Geographus*? (*It moues a little.*) Who shall haue *Astronomia*? Shall *Geometres*? (*It turnes round.*) Shall he obtaine her by Coniuration? (*It stands still.*) Shall hee obtaine her by Medicine? (*It moues a little.*) Shall hee obtaine her by Fascination? (*It turnes round.*)

Geometres falls downe on his knees, and embraces Magus by his knees.

Geom. *Magus*, what's mine is yours, goods, life, soule, and all: *Venus*, thy temple shall be a mile in length; thy Image in't shall be greater than the Colossus at Rhodes, it shall bee all white Marble: The temple at Millaine shall looke like pale-fac'd tallow to it; it shall haue as many pillars, as there are houres in the yeare, and as many windowes as there are minutes; and the Spire shall be higher than Tenariffa, or the Tower of Babylon by eighticore Measured furlongs at the least. *Magus*, I haue enough, I haue enough.

Magus. Nay but, Sir, you must Measure your ioy; diuers haue died with ouer-much reioycing, and so may you; and then you'd both breake your vbow to the Goddesse, and lose your Loue besides.

Geom. You say true.

Magus. Besides, you must vse a meanes you see, Fascination; which you shall vse at the Banquet, which (you know) we are invited vnto.

Geom. Nay, let mee alone for looking on her; Ile looke thorow

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thorow her, and thorow her; and make her as Perspective, as I am Solid.

Magus. Besides, there was a little mouing, you saw, at the name of *Geographus*: to signifie hee will bee faire for her too. And againe, there was a little mouing at the word *Medicine*, and therefore that must bee vs'd too: but for that take you no care.

Geom. Well, you learned men put so many doubts—but I care not, I shall haue her in the end: come, I'ue enough, now let's goe.

Magus. Measure your ioy, I say.

Geom. Thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine, *Astronomia*, I'me in Heau'n already; *Geographus* may goe trauell againe, and *Poeta*, in stead of Baies, may goe weare a Willow-garland.

Magus. Come, let's in. *Exeunt Geometres & Magus.*

ACTVS III. SCENA III.

LOGICVS, RHETORICA.

Marry, and I bee thus troubled with you when you woo me, and seeke to please; what should I expect and wee were married once?

Rhet. Nay, dearest *Logicus*, let not the excellencie of your reason bee so seuerer, but that it may admit a gracious apprehension of a smiling loue; let not the exactnes of your wisdom be so regulated, but that it may expresse a courteous acceptance of a Louers admiration; let not—

Log. Nay, and you once fall to Set speeches, I am gone; I perceiue you are not for common talke; I wonder, now I thinke on't, in what Prædicament a womans tongue is; let's see: yet, what if I make it a Transcendent? and yet it can't be so, for 'tis neither *unum*, nor *verum*, nor *bonum*: 'faith, and 't bee in any Prædicament, it shall bee in *Quantitate Continua*, and that's opposite to *Discreta*; or rather, since 'tis so irregular, and therefore can hardly bee admitted into any Order, I will count it that Monster in Nature, and Contradiction of Philosophie, *Infinitem in actu*.

Rhet. Why lo, now your selfe has made a set speech; and

thus whilst you Reprehend, you Offend: whilst you Direct,
you Neglect: whilst you Reforme, you Deforme: whilst you--

Log. Hey day! this is tick-tack: Here's another shorter
tricke: well, I perceiue there's no other course — which is
your way?

Rhet. Which is your way?

Log. Doe you speake first.

Rhet. Nay, doe you speake first, you are the better Man.

Log. Why, mine lies this way.

Rhet. Why so does mine; wee le goe together.

Log. I, But I must go this way to doe a little businesse first.

Rhet. Why so must I.

Log. But I must walke here alone a little to thinke on't first.

Rhet. Why, and I must walke here alone a little first.

Log. Why, then fare you well; I can thinke on my busines
by the way.

Rhet. Why, and I can very well thinke on my businesse by
the way.

Log. Why, you woun't follow me? I am going to a Feast.

Rhet. Why, and I am going to a Feast.

Log. I am going to *Ethicus*.

Rhet. Why, and I am going to *Ethicus*.

Log. O you gods! which of you will come to deliuer me?
Well, if wee must together, and if you will sticke so close vn-
to me; yet, good Misters Tongue, doe not cleaue to the rooffe
of my Mouth.

Rhet. No, no; your lippe is all that I desire.

Exeunt Logicus & Rhetorica.

ACTVS III. SCENA IIII.

MUSICA at one doore: *GEOGRAPHVS* and *PHAN-*
TASTES at another.

T Ara, ding de ding, ding de ding, lan, ran, dan dido.

Geog. How now my nimble Crotchet? who was the
first Fiddle-maker?

Mus. That's a question, Sir.

Geog. Why, for that reason I propos'd it.

Mus.

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Mus. Why, for that reason you might haue propos'd many more.

Geog. I, but Answer.

Mus. I, but I must know first; 'tis a great controuersie.

Geog. What then was the first kinde of Instrument?

Mus. Why, that's as hard.

Geog. Why, I can tell.

Mus. What?

Geog. An Harpe.

Mus. I, but you're deceiu'd, I rather thinke 'twas a Bagge-pipe.

Geog. A Bag-pipe? why prethee?

Mus. Why? marry, first vnderstand this reason, and then Ile shew you: You know euery Art both drawes it's limitation from Nature, and labours to perfect it, which it does by finding comforts to preferue it: Musicke then at the first was found out as an antidote against grieffe: and by this meanes, when men were grieued, they cried *Oh*, and there was one Note: then *Hey-ho*, there were two Notes more. So, when they laught, they obseru'd three more by *Ha, ha, he*. These being first ioyn'd together, and afterwards variouly intermixt, were the first harmonic in voice; which being repeated vnto grieued mindes, were as it were a prettie deluding of their sorrowes; and these by obseruation were afterwards reduc'd to instrument—

Geog. I conceit it, *Musica*.

Mus. Thus, men perceiuing that these notes were conceiu'd in the bellie, and afterwards, (as it were) form'd in the passage of the throat, sowed Leather in the forme of a Bellie, or bagge; and with a Reed made a long Necke vnto it, and a Winde-pipe; which when they blew full of winde, and perceiu'd it gaue no sound, they cut many holes in the reed to let it out, and then alternately stopping the holes, they found an admirable varietie of harmony; and as the holes serue for distinction of notes in a Winde-instrument, so doe your frets on a String'd-instrument.

Geog. Indeed I thinke this a truth; for as the voice was before the Instrument, so the Winde-instrument before the string'd.

string'd. But then how came your Trumpet vp?

Mus. Why, on this manner: When *Triton* came to helpe the gods in the Warres of the Gyants, he wanted a weapon, and finding the shell of a Fish, he did blow in't, which yeelded a most hideous noise: the Gyants thinking it had beene some terrible beast, fled away affrighted, and since by a perfecting imitation, men haue alter'd both the matter, and the forme of that Instrument.

Geog. Nay, I doe beleeuethere is a great vertue in Musicke.

Mus. O Sir, 'tis your onely medicine of the minde.

Geog. Indeed I thinke so, and that's the reason, 'tis likely, why *Apollo* is the god both of Musicke and Physicke: and now I rememberit, in one place where we came, in our trauels, there were no Physicians, but all their sicke folks were cur'd by Musicke; where was it, *Phantastes*? I haue quite forgot.

Phant. Why 'twas in *Creet* Sir, where *Iupiter* was nurs'd, and the Musicke was made with those Kettle-drums, which they sounded to drowne the crying of *Iupiter*, when he was in his Swathe-bands: in reward of which loue, hee procur'd of *Apollo*, in the fauour of the *Cretians*, that at the sound of those Kettle-drummes all sicke folkes, whose time of death was not come, should without any languishing sicknes immediately recouer; and therefore the order is, when any one is sicke, they carry him presently in a Litter to the Temple where these Drums are kept; and if hee does not straight-ways recouer, they carry him home againe, as a man that must dye, and so prouide for his funerall.

Mus. Where is this Sir? in *Creet*?

Phant. Yes, in *Creet*.

Mus. I, but I haue heard, the *Cretians* are mightie liars.

Phant. Vpon the Faith of a Trauellour, the Honestie of a Courtier, and the Word of a Gentleman, 'tis a most confirm'd truth.

Mus. Indeed these three are much about one value.

Geog. Well, *Musica*, I could talke with thee all day—

Phant. I, and all night too.

Geog. But I cannot stay now; I'me afraid they stay forme

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at the banquet. Is thy Mistris there?

Music. Yes, I thinke, by this time.

Geogr. Well, farewell till anon: you'll meet vs at supper? woun't you?

Music. Yes, yes; I'me going for Musike. *Exit Geogra.*

Phant. Come, my prettie Pigeon, let's bill a little; is't possible, *Phantastes* and *Musica* should meet, and part without a kisse? --- now farewell. *Exit Phantastes.*

Music. Ah: these Courtiers are lycourish-lip'd: but I must goe fetch the Musike, *Tora ding de ding, ding de ding, lan, tan dan dido.* *Exit Musica.*

ACTVS III. SCENA V.

ETHICVS, GEOMETRES, LOGICVS, POETA,
GRAMMATICVS, MAGVS, ASTRONOMIA,
ARITHMETICA, RHETORICA, ASTRO-
LOGIA, CHOLER.

Welcome, welcome, all of you; i' good faith, I'm e'en young againe, to see such a jolly company of my friends together: but, passion o' me! why, *Oeconoma*?

Oecon. I, I, presently, presently, wee'r making all haste wee can. *Shee speaks from within.*

Ethic. Ah, there's a good huswife, neither meat orh' table, nor cloth laid, nor any thing in a readinesse. Good friends pardon vs, wee are somewhat vnmannery to make you stay thus; wee'll talke till supper is seru'd in; but where's *Geographus*? *Enter GEOGRAPHVS and PHANTASTES.*

Oh here is; welcome, welcome.

Geogr. Thanks, courteous *Ethicus* --- saue you gallants --- faire Ladies --- *They all salute him, and he th mutually, especially the Lad*

Ethic. *Phantastes*, and *Choler.* [*Enter MUSICA*] and thou *Musica*, now thou art come, be a little forward to make a supply for our backwardnesse, and step in to my wife to help out supper quickly: *(Exeunt Phantast. Choler, & Musica)*

why'tis well, 'tis well, now 'tis as it should be, all friends, all friends: but where's *Historia*?

Rhet. *Historia*? why, aske *Poeta*.

H

Poet.

Poet. Mee?

Rhet. I, you; they say shee's sicke of loue.

Ethic. Poeta, where's your man *Melancholico*?

Poet. Faith, when I was comming hither, hee was in a dump, and therefore I thinking him not fit to come to a banquet, left him behind me; and indeed that's his fault, hee will not commonly be merry in company.

Ethic. Logicus, where's your man *Phlegmatico*?

Logis. Faith, as I was comming, my Slaucrer was at his Tobacco, but, I thinke, I made him smoke for his labour, and so would not let him come, for hee would nothing but haue spawl'd in your roome, and haue turn'd your stomakes.

Choler. Well, remember this *Phantastes*.

Phant. What?

Choler. That you carry in the march-pane and not I, but

He—

Phant. What? amn't I the better man?

Choler. Would supper were done: I'd bumme you.

Geogr. What's the matter?

Phant. Why, Sir, he's angrie that I brought in the march-pane.

Geogr. Come, be mannerly.

Gram. Why, sirrah, *Choler*, will you still be quarrelling?

Ethic. You should let him be my man a little; faith I should be as froward as he; we two should haue a bickering once a day. (*Choler to Phant. as they come in with more seruice.*)

Chol. I would supper were done once for your sake.

Gram. Why, sirrah, are you still grumbling?

Oecon. Come, friends, you are all welcome, we haue made you stay here too-long for a little sorry cheere; come husband will you place the guests?

E. hic. Sit downe, you know your places; sit downe: (*they all sit downe*) bid them welcome.

Oecon. You are all heartily welcome, heartily welcome.

Ethic. Why, *Musica*, where are the Musicians?

Music. Here, Sir, here.

Ethic. Come on, play, feed you our eares, whilst we feed our bellies.*

Phant.

Phantastes,
Choler, Musi-
ca, bring in Sup-
per.

Phantastes,
Choler, Musi-
ca, go out againe.

The musike
playes; Geo-
graphus drinks
Astronomia;
he to Geome-
tes; he to A-
rithmetica; shee
Astrologia;
he drinks to
Astronomia;
shee priuily casts
a powder:
which being
done, Phanta-
stes sings.

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Phant. O Happie state
 'Boue pow'r of fate
 Which you, blest Arts, enjoy!
 You were little Gods,
 If you fell not at odds,
 And did not your selues annoy.
 But when pride does once tickle,
 It makes vs too fickle
 And vaine:
 Till some good Old-men
 Doe temper vs then,
 And bring vs in tune againe.

Then learne of mee
 Thus wise to bee
 To haue a-yeelding minde;
 With weather-coske art
 To play well your part
 And turne with each strong wind.
 So you shall by preuention
 Escape all contention
 And iars:
 So you shall be secure,
 And neuer endure
 Th'affliction of Learned wars.

O harmelesse feast
 With Mirth increast,
 Where Musike and Loue doe meet!
 Where the Piper does finde
 A more delicate wind
 To make his pipe sound more sweet;
 Whiles his stick does belabour
 The head of his Tabour
 Amaine.
 Where the Wine in the boules,
 And cu'ry tongue roules,
 Yet neuer disturbs the braine.

Ioues Troian boy
 Was no such ioy,
 Nor all his Hea'nly whores:
 There's no such delight
 By day or by night
 E're felt by feigning whores;
 As is the soft p'ease
 At such honest leasure
 To sport:
 When all are so merry,
 They sing till they're weary,
 And trippet in comely sort.

Ethic. Here, *Logicus*, you shall drinke to *Poeta*.

Logic. I accept your Proposition, Sir; *Poeta*, to set a Conclusion to our former dissentions, and to make a plaine Demonstration of reconcilement, I drinke to you.

He drinkes.

Poet. With the most ingenuous freedome of a Poet, I accept it: *Grammaticus*, that our contention ending in loue, may make a *Tragike-Comedie*, I drinke to you.

He drinkes.

Gram. I protest to you, Sir, I doe put all former wrongs in the *prater-plu-perfect Tense*, and am glad of this happy Coniunction, and that we are all of vs in such a merry Mood: but by the way, my Masters, these *Noune-Adiectiues* of the *Fæminine gender*, sit all this while vn-drunke to: *Astronomia*----

He offers to drinke to *Astronomia*.

Astron. In truth, *Grammaticus*, I am not in Case to pledge you: I pledg'd *Astrologia* euen now, and I am not since halfe well.

Gram. *Arithmetica*-----

Arith. If you Count again, you shall find that I drunk last.

Gram. Rhetorica---here's to moysten your eloquent tongue.

Rhet. An eloquent tongue is neuer drie, *Astrologia* will pledge you for me.

Gram. Astrologia---

Astrol. Introth I haue been drinking my Belly full of *Nectar*; but iust now, my thoughts were vpon the present Coniunction of *Mars* and *Venus*.

Poet. Why how now, *Grammaticus*! who doe you drinke to? faith thou art now a *Noune Substantiue* indeed, for thou standst alone by thy selfe, without being ioyn'd to any of these *Adiectiues*.

Gram. Nay, doe not you iest.

Poet. What? dost thou make a Iester of me?

Mag. Nay, I Coniure you both; by our present meeting, that you goe not out of the Circle of harmelesse mirth.

Poet. Me thinks I see a Direct line passe from the Eye of *Geometres* to *Astronomia's*.

Mag. Nay, will you, *Poeta*? you make *Astronomia* blush.

Poet. Some *Aqua vita*, I say, for *Geometres*.

Mag. Why, *Poeta*?

Poet. Why, hee's a dying I thinke, his eyes are fixt in's head alreadie.

Magus. It may be, *Poeta*, you measure *Geometres* his lookes by your owne.

Poet. Me thinks I see a Direct line passe from the Eye of *Geometres* to *Astronomia's*.

Astron. I'm eu'n stifled, I doe not vse to be in such a close Roome, I loue the Open Aire.

Oecon. Alas! *Astronomia's* extreme ill. *Exeunt Astronomia & Oeconoma.*

Ethic. Friends, you are all heartily welcome, rest you here I pray, and weele in with her. *Exit Ethicus.*

Mag. *Astrologia*, follow her, and see you be neuer from her all the while shee's sicke.

Astrol. I saw this disastrous chance in the starres, for as *Mars* and *Venus* were sporting, they were beheld by the rest of the enuious gods. *Exit.*

Rhet. Ile in too, to sit and Talke with her, whiles shee's sicke

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sicke.

Exit Rhetorica.

Arith. Ile in too, that I may——

Geogr. Be made sit downe againe.

Musica. Alas, my Mistris!

Geogr. Shee did not looke well.

Musica. *Astronomia* sicke? then all the Heauen's awry, and my Musike's quite out of tune.

Exit Musica.

Geogr. 'Twas, I feare me, a fit of an Ague.

Mag. *Astronomia* in a fit of an Ague? I neuer vnderstood the *Motus trepidationis* of the Heauen before.

Geogr. Musicians, depart the roome. *The Musicians go out.*

Poet. By *Ioue* I came to be merry, and I will be merry.

Here's an health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Geog. Here's an health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Geom. Here's an health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Poet. Sir, you wrong vs all, not to take off your full measure.

Geom. Oh, Sir, they that drinke with Measure, drinke without Measure.

Arith. I, indeed, for they that Number their cups, commonly Multiply their cups.

Poet. He loues not *Astronomia*, that does not pledge her a whole one.

Geom. Well, because 'tis to her. Ile doo't.

He drinks.

Logic. I can't drinke.

Gram. Nor I.

Mag. Nor I.

Arith. You woun't, I know, require it of me.

Poet. Well, and you woun't, here's to you that will: A second health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Geogr. A second health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Geom. A second health to *Astronomia.*

He drinks.

Poeta. By *Ioue* I must be merry, and I will be merry; can you sing?

Geogr. } Beginne, wee'll follow.

Geom. }

Poet. Haue at you then.

Fill up my bowle to the brim-a
That my lips in wine may swim-a;
That my Muse may flow
And the world may it know:
Fill up my bowle to the brimme-a

eta. }
Geog. } simul. That my Muse may flow
Com. } And the world may it know:
Fill up my bowle to the brimme-a.

Hee's a puny cannot swagger,
Carouse and yet neuer stagger,
But be soberly drunke
And closely haue his punke:
Hee's a puny cannot swagger.

Geog. }
Com. } simul. But be soberly drunke
Poeta. } And closely haue his punke:
Hee's a puny cannot swagger.

Geom. O my Iacobs staffe is broken,
And thats a disastrous token,
My Compasses did slide,
My Ruler slipt aside:
O my Iacobs staffe is broken.

Geom. }
Geog. } simul. My compasses did slide
Poeta. } My Ruler slipt aside
O my Iacobs-staffe is broken.

Poeta. Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna,
And still that sport we'l beginn-a,
That our soules so may meet
In our lippes, while they greet:
Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna.

Poeta. }
Geog. } simul. That our soules so may meet
Geom. } In our lippes, while they greet:
Come kisse, come kisse, my Corinna.

Poeta. Here's an health to *Astronomia*.
Geog. Here's an health to *Astronomia*.
Geom. Here's an health to *Astronomia*. Prethee Poeta doe
thou sing a Catch alone, and wee'l sing the Close with thee.
Poeta. A match, hay boyes.

The blacke Iacke
The merry blacke Iacke
As it is tost on hy-a
Grows,
Floues,
Till at last they fall to blowes,
And make their noddles cry-a.

Poeta }
Geogr. } simul. —Grows,
Com. } Floues,
Till at last they fall to blowes,
And make their noddles cry-a.

The browne bowle,
The merry browne bowle,
As it goes round about a
Fill
Still
Let the world say what it will
And drinke your drinke all out-a.

Poeta. }
Geog. } simul. —Fill
Geom. } Still
Let the world say what it will
And drinke your drinke all out-a.
Poeta.

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Poeta.

The deepe Canne
The merry deepe Canne
As thou dost freely quaffe-a.
Sing.
Fling.
Be as merry as a King

And Sound a lusty laugh-a.

Poeta.

Geog.

Geom.

} simul.

Sing.

Fling.

Be as merry as a King

And sound a lusty laugh-a.

Poeta. Here's an health to *Astronomia*.

He drinks.

Geogr. Faith, I can drinke no more, Poeta.

Geom. Nor I.

Poeta. How? not pledge me? *Choler*, fill the bowle againe;
by *Ioue*, not pledge me? pledge me, pledge me, *Geographus*:
for by *Ioue*-----

Geogr. What?

Poeta. I will drinke with thee, and I will sing with thee,
and I will fight with thee.

Magus. Nay, pray let's haue no fighting.

Poeta. By *Ioue*. I will drinke with thee, I will sing with
thee, and I will fight with thee.

Geogr. By *Ioue* you're almost foxt.

Poeta. By *Ioue* (*He drinks*) you low sic-shirted rogue, you
sit aboue mee? did not you begge entertainment of me to-
ther day?

Geogr. Sleepe, sleepe, Poeta.

Exit Geographus.

Phant. A rope of a drunken foole; I've lost my supper by
this: I must follow my Master.

Exit Phant.

Poet. Ten-toes, I know you're a good footman; Come,
Geometres, I hope you'll sit squarely to it still.

Geom. Nay, if I cannot Rule others, I will Rule my
selfe.

Exit Geometres.

Arith. And if *Geometres* depart, *Arithmetica* will be none
of the Number.

Exit Arith.

Poet. Farewell, Hostesse; we shall be sure to haue no rec-
koning now *Arithmetica's* gone: and yet Ile pay you some-
what, Clinch-fist, (*Hee beats Logicus, and over-turnes the
Table; then fals on Grammaticus, and Choler.*) Hay tables!
Hay!

Logic. Well, you drunken rogue, Ile haue an Opposition
for

for you before *Polites*, that you shall not be able to Answer to.
Exit Logicus.

Poet. Farewell block-head : now *pa-da-gog, pa-da-gog* : I must say my Part to you too.

Gram. I, but, I can't stay to Heare you, now.

Poet. *Choler*, wil not you fight for your Master, valiantly?

Choler. No, I thanke you, Sir, your moysture does allay my heat.
Exit Choler.

Poet. Are you all gone? then, *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. I am King, I am King : by *Tantalus* I am as drie as an Horse. O, some drinke, some drinke.

He falls downe
 and sleepe,
 Magus charmes
 him.

Mag. *Alte dormi, Ivioni, Chiriori, Effera, Chuder, Fere, Pax, Caspor, Prax, Melchior, Max, Balthasar, Ymax, Adimax, Galbes, Galbat, Galdes, Galdat, Hax, pax, max, alte dormi.*
Poeta snores: *Magus* waues his rod ouer him, and runnes round about him. } *Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Dragons fly swiftly.*

ACTVS III. SCENA VI.

MAGVS, PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEIRO-
 MANTES, POETA.

Dancing about
 Poeta.

Omnes. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

They goe leasure-
 ly about him,
 saying this
 charme.

Magus. Y^e gods that dwell
 In darkest cell
 Of lowest Hell,

Physiog. Vouchsafe this grace
 A little space
 To guard this place.

Cheiro. Let now a deepe
 And moystning sleepe
 His watch here keepe.

Magus. We would obtaine
 This, for this swaine,
 Whom wine doth chaine.

Physiog. That so since day
 Is fled, we may
 Make him our prey.

Omnes.

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Omnes. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, hoy-- *Dancing about him.*

Poet. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. *In his sleepe.*

Cheiro. What a Rogue's this? hee laughs at vs in his Dreame.

Poeta. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho: Some drinke, *Tantalus*, some drinke, some drinke; or I will---- *In his sleepe.*

Phys. What will he doe?

Poet. By the—by the—

Mag. He's about to sweare sure by somewhat.

Poet. By the great——By the great——

Cheir. He will sweare by the Great.

Poet. By the great——By the great——

Phys. 'Tis so great 'twoun't come out.

Poet. By the great Hogs-head at *Heidleburge*, *Logicus* is a Blockhead.

Phys. Well said i'faith, I perceiue there is some remembrance of ones friends in Wine.

Poeta. *Corinna*, will you kisse? will you kisse cockle-kisse? close, close, you Whore.

Mag. Oh, here's a braue Dreamer!

Poeta. I will make this Verse like a Nut-hooke-like a Nut-hooke-and then pull downe---pull downe the Moone with it. *He begins to rise.*

Phys. Sure, *Magus*, you han't charm'd him well.

Mag. Let me alone; I warrant you.

Poeta. Come kisse, my Pigeon, come kisse, my pretty *Corinna*, Nibble a little, my Loue; nibble againe, and againe.

Mag. Hay day! he's at's *Hexameter* and *Pentameter* Verses in our tongue: 'faith I thinke in some such humour this kind of Verses was first made amongst vs.

Poet. My purse is richer thā th' *Mines* rich *India* brings forth.

Cheiro. You shall not neede to make a short Verse to that Sir: weele be very short with you. *He is about to pick his pocket.*

Poet. Take off your whole one, or take a souse o' the chops.

Poeta strikes Cheiromantes.

Cheiro. Bestrow his drunken fingers; *Magus* you ha' not charm'd him well.

Magus. *Altè dormi, pax, prax, max; altè dormi, Galbes, Galbat:*

a Poeta fals
dormae againe.

b Cheiroman-
tes takes on: a
purse and looks
in it.

c Hee takes the
paper and reads
it.

bat : Galdes, Galdat : pax, prax, max, alte dormi.^a

Phys. See what's in his pocket.^b

Cheiro. A murren on't, here's nothing but a Purse with a
paper in't.

Mag. Let's see it, why, whats here? Verses!

ANACREONS

Ἡ γῆ γάλακτα πίνει, &c.

Translated by mee vpon occasion of *Eshicus* his inuiting
mee to Supper.

The fruitfull Earth does drinke the raine;
Trees drinke the fruitfull Earth againe.
The Sea does drinke the liquid Ayre;
By the Sunnes beames the Sea-waves are
Drunke up; which is no sooner done,
But straight the Moone drinkes up the Sunne.
Why then, companions, doe you thinke
I may not with like freedome drinke?

This had beene lost, if I had not giu'n the Rogue his *Ana-
creon* againe. Is this the rich Purse? Come, 'if aith wee'll e'en
serue for a Voyder, and carrie him away, whiles hee is drunk,
rid the roome of him.

Omnes. Roome for a Poet, Roome for a Poet, Roome for a
Poet. *Exeunt Omnes*, carrying away Poeta on their shoulders.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

POLITES, GEOGRAPHVS.

A Nd haue you beene in *Italie* too?

Geog. In the most parts of the World, Sir.

Polites. You haue dispos'd your obseruations by heads:
haue you not?

Geog. They are yet Sir but a miscellany, but I am now in
reducing of them.

Polites. And what may the summe of them be?

Geog. Sir, they are principally drawne from the People,
and Country: discoursing vpon the policie, and naturall dis-
position of the first; as on the situation, and fertilitie of the se-
cond.

Polites.

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Polites. Hum, the method is sufficiently approucable: but I like that very well that you place Policy first; and would wish you to prosecute that fully, with the most subtle examinations of your purest iudgement: 'twill be worth your trauell: and 'tis a maine fault of your common Geographers, that now-a-dayes doe rather garnish the margine of a Map, than materially describe it; and onely draw a companie of lines thorow it; as if they had rid ouer the Countrie to take notice onely of the high-wayes; which yet a Carriers Horse knowes better than they; neglecting in the meane time more solid obseruations; whilest their fancies (I will not say iudgements) are weakly satisfied with these fruitlesse superficialities; not vnlike your sedentary Students, who for the attaining of a little glorie with some few lesse iudicious of their owne Sect, stirred vp with a contemplatiue ambition, earnestly prosecute those studies, which themselves shall neuer reduce vnto practice, in the actions of their life.

Geogr. Sir, the obseruation of gouerament was my first and principall intendment, especially in some secrets of state, as yet (to my knowledge) not obseru'd, at least not reueal'd by any.

Polites. As what?

Geogr. I will shew vnto you.

Polites. But how could you come vnto the knowledge of them?

Geogr. You shall vnderstand that too. The secret is concerning the happie detection of such, as from enemy-states, are vsually sent to the subuersion of a Land; my meanes of attayning to the knowledge of this Mysterie, was my acquaintance with a Gentleman in *Italie*, who hauing beene one of the most practis'd Intelligencers in *Europe*, vpon the death of his Lord, who imploy'd him, fell into great wants; when, out of the fulnesse of a grieued minde, and the rather to excite in me a compassion of his griefes, vnfolded vnto mee the whole secret.

Polites. Proceed.

Geogr. The *Italian* Lord, that imploy'd this Gentleman, furnished him alwayes with money, that hee might cast him-

selfe

selfe into what shape he would, then sent him to the enemies Land, where liuing, (either concealing his owne Countrey, or professing a dislike of it) and insinuating himselfe into the acquaintance of men next to the best, would, commonly by entertaining their humours, and giuing occasion of such discourse at any meeting, with much Art and ease, allure euery man, to discouer (euen for glory, to show who could show most) all intended and secret employments into forren Lands; by this meanes hee would learne the whole designe, agent, time, and whatsoever other necessarie circumstance; then the person to be employ'd, being commonly of estate not beyond himselfe, hee would vpon some sought (though but slight) occasion, grow so farre acquainted with him, as to intreat the courtesie of Nations of him, to carry a Letter from him to that Countrey; which being with all courtesie granted, he would, against the time of his departure, prouide a Letter fairely written, containing nothing but some complement, or lighter businesse to his friend——

Polites. Who? to his Lord?

Geog. No, Sir, but to another agent, whom his Lord employ'd at home, as this Gentleman abroad.

Polites. Proceed then.

Geog. Withall giuing his friend in charge, vpon their loue, to giue all courteous entertainment to the bearer thereof; as, to prouide him a fit lodging, with all other complements of friendship: then reading this Letter to the Gentleman, to free him from all suspicion of false dealing, would seale it in his presence, and deliuer it to him——

Polites. What deuce was there in this?

Geog. This Letter, Sir, being written by the Art of Steganography, contained the whole intendment of this employd Messenger. That Art (as *Trithemius* has at large discouer'd, or rather taught it) proceeds vpon many deuices, as the putting together euery first letter of a word, or euery last, or euery second, according to the compact before lay'd betweene these two friends. Vpon the receipt of which, proceeded first a most courteous entertayning, and then vpon the maturitie of his intendements, an artificiall detection of al his designs.

Polites.

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Polites. All this beares a iust probabilitie of truth. Well, *Geographus*, we shall take a further notice of your wants and worth; and since you haue ingeniously discouer'd both your free education, present state, and vnauoydable affection to *Astronomia*, and, as you say, hers mutually to you, I shall, I trust, effectually, in your behalfe, remoue the vnwillingnesse of her Mother *Physica*. But withall, I hold it a course, not altogether without Policy, to inquire of *Astronomia*, the dislikes, for which she does except against you, and therein by a prauenient discretion, exactly to manifest a reformation; for this time the expectation of some businesse admits not a further continuance of our discourse.

Geogr. I shall rest, Sir, at the bountie of your vertue.

Exit Geographus.

Polites. A Gentleman of parts worth the taking notice of; well, such wits must bee nourisht: 'tis the saying of my *Tacitus*: *Ingenia, studiaq; opprefferis facilius quam reuocaueris*; and I remember he there shewes an analogie between mens wits and their bodies: They are (saith hee) both of them long a making, but soone marr'd. And indeed, young wits that are worth the nourishing, when they see themselues neglected, are too-too prone to fall to desperate resolutions, arguing thus with themselues, That if Vertue and Learning cannot aduance them; by a reason from the contrary, neither Vice nor Ignorance can debase them; thus from bad premises drawing a worse conclusion, they ouerthrow in a moment the workmanship of many yeares. But my Kins-woman *Histeria* sayd she would be here by this. Oh, here she comes.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA II.

POLITES, HISTORIA.

NOW Cousin, what? alwayes sad? alwayes sad?
Histor. Doe you admire at my sadnesse, when you know, nay when you are the cause of it?

Polites. I, Cousin? how? how?
Histor. Your continuall declamations, Sir, against my most

lou'd

lou'd *Poeta*, a man whose praises admit no Hyperbole; no, they transcend all; and whose worth we may admire rather than expresse.

Polites. Why Cousin? my declamations ha' beene onely against his faults, not his person, and so farre——

Histor. Nay, for your State-distinctions you may reserue them to your selfe, you can loue and hate the same man at the same time by a distinction; I doe but plainely relate the truth vnto you, and I thinke there is hardly any man could more violently haue inueigh'd against him than your selfe; excepting old froward *Ethicus*; his age indeed must alwaies be correcting some-body.

Polites. Why, but why should you regard him, when it seemes he little regards you?

Histor. Marry, and little reason he hath, when he sees the best of my friends, your selfe, and *Ethicus* to neglect him. But otherwise I'me sure he did loue me once: there haue bin of the *Historias* that haue beene well belou'd by Poets, and those the most renowned in all ages: as by admired *Homer*, the greatest glory and Shame of *Greece*, the one for his worth, the other for his wants: then by diuine *Maro*, that beautifull wonder of Nature; and especially by one *Lucan*, a worthy Gentleman of *Rome*, besides many more; that if you would vouchsafe but to grace him, his Lawrel would be the crowne of your glory.

Polites. I but he beares loue to *Astronomia*.

Hist. I vnderstand so much: but I thinke that rather the exiliency of some passion, than any consistency of a settled desire. I haue indeed heard also of some of the *Astronomias* that haue beene belou'd by Poets; as by *Manilius*, *Pontanus*, and some other, who haue written whole Bookes in the praise of their beauties; but it seemes their beauties had such sinial diuinity in them, that they could not raise, to any height of poetike rapture, the wits of their admirers. And there was also one *Lucretius*, a Roman Gentleman, in former times that fell in loue with *Physica*, thence from whom *Physica* the mother of *Astronomia* deriues now both her name and linage; which Gentleman, in the passion of his loue, writ books in the praise of

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of her beauty; but what wrinkle-fac'd Verses they are, let the present age iudge; and if her beautie was like his lines, sure she was past her Three-score, when hee fell in loue with her; but alas, there was neuer any of that family that euer came neere the *Historias* for beauty.

Polites. Well, Cousin, then what is the imployment where-with you will taske mee?

Histo. Why, if you meane to haue mee aliue long, change your dislike of *Poeta* into loue, and reforme him if you will, but not hate him; admonish him, intreat him, wooe him, and in a word, winne him vnto mee; and those hymnes of your praises, and relations of your glory shall bee put in the mouth of posteritie; that sooner shall the Common-wealth dye, than your fame.

Polites. Well, Cousin, you haue now enough admonisht me, intreated me, woo'd mee, and in a word wonne me: referre the finding out of meanes, and the accomplishing of your desire to the priuacie of my meditations.

Histor. Reuerend *Polites*, pardon the vnmanerlinesse of my disordered passions; loue resisted growes rude and furious: but I will not instruct your wisdom; onely remember my life lies in your hands. *Exit Historia.*

Polites. And that shall not perish if I can saue it. There are many accusations in against this *Poeta*, and some of them I perceiue will be prosecuted; he has bad, and good parts; he has a wilde head, yet may be reform'd, and then there's a man sau'd: a good purchase; nay, *Historia* is sau'd, that's a double. Well, then since I must loue him, I will saue him: if hee proue good, I winnetwo; if bad, 'twill bee but the losse of one, of *Historia*; who already professes, that, without him, she shall be lost. *Exit Polites.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA III.

ASTRONOMIA, ASTROLOGIA, ARITHMETICA,
POETA, MEDICVS, MUSICA.

O H, I'me so hot, I could drinke a whole Riuer of water.
Poet. Nay, if you talke of drinking, I could drinke my selfe.

selfe halfe a doozen Helicons off at a draught: *Musica*, fetch a flaggon of Wine.

Astron. Nay, let it be pure Water.

Med. Haue a care what you doe: 'tis as much as your life's worth.

Poeta. By Ioue wee will haue our liquor about vs. Goe Wench, why, Sir, should not she drinke?

Med. Why, to drink in the heat of an Ague is present death; and I remember *Galen* in his Booke *de consuetudine*, relates a Storie of *Arrius a Peripateticke*, who dyed suddenly, being forc'd to drinke a full draught of cold water in the heat of his Feuer; though according to the prescriptions of his Physicians: yet, I confesse, in him there was another adioyn'd cause, which *Galen* in the same place makes mention of, to wit, his stomake being alwayes very cold, hee resolu'd on a perpetuall abstinence from all cold nourishments, so that this aduentitious cold of the water hee dranke, wrought not onely against his disease, but also against his constitution.

Poet. Oh that was it, that was it; then fill out the liquor.

Med. You Poets would make mad Physicians; or at the best but desperate Paracelsians; But *Astronomia*, you stirre too much; and so the heat of your disease increases to an inflammation: you must rest more, you must rest more.

Astron. Nay, I shall neuer liue, if I leaue mouing.

Med. I, but not so fast; you walke as fast as you do when you are in health.

Astrol. Indeed, mee thinkes, shee keepes alwayes the same pace.

Arith. I, but if you marke it, 'tis not a direct Progression, but a kinde of giddie turning Round, which proceeds from a lightnesse of the head, caus'd by her disease.

Med. I dislike your dyet; for in the verie hottest of Summer, when the Sunne is in *Cancer*, you eat the hottest meat, feeding altogether vpon *Crab*; which two concurrent heats of the Meat and of the Weather, are able to cast any man into the inflammation of a Feuer.

Astron. Indeed, I confesse that; and 'tis at that season, my only dyet.

Med.

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Med. I, but 'tis bad ; and againe 'tis very good to feed vpon varietie of meat.

Poeta. Say you so ! marry, I thinke, you'l proue a paradoxicall Paracelsian your selfe ; if you hold such Tenents : for you know, Sir, 'tis the most receiued opinion of Physicians, that varietie of meats disturbs concoction.

Med. Sir, I hold that opinion rather to argue the Authors superstition, than iudgement : for our nature delighteth in varietie, and those meats which the stomacke doth with pleasure desire, it doth most embracingly attract, and concoct most faithfully, besides the substance of our bodies, consisting of a various nature, as moysture, ayre, and the like, one of these parts may be more spent than another, by labour, or other meanes ; so that a man had need, for the vndoubted supply of all these parts, receiue a great varietie of nourishments, that there may be a reparation for whatsoeuer the bodie does euacuate.

Poeta. I vnderstand Sir.

Med. Besides, *Astronomia*, going abroad you neuer take care in what Ayre you walke.

Astron. Indeed, I confesse, I am too neglectiue of that.

Med. Oh, that's a chiefe matter to bee prouided for ; for the verie same ayre sometimes is hurtfull for one part of the bodie, and good for another.

Poeta. How ? is that possible ?

Medic. Sir, 'tis a truth obseru'd by *Guido Cauliacensis* ; and in particular of the ayre of *Paris* ; where, if the same man haue a wound in his head, and another in his thigh ; it hurts the one and heales the other.

Poeta. That's prettie i'faith : the reason, the reason, Master Physician.

Med. 'Tis thus, Sir, the ayre there is cold and moyst, and therefore most hurtfull for the head ; and againe, the same ayre by an obscuration of the spirits, a degrauation of the bloud, and a condensation of the humours, whereby they are made lesse quicke to flow downe, does therefore make the wounds of the thighs more curable, whiles the course of the humours is intercepted, whose defluence or flowing downe

would hinder the cure of the wound.

Poeta. You Physicians, I perceiue, sometimes haue some of *Apollo* in you.

Mus. Pray, *Medicus*, tell me one thing; you'r a Physician; I haue heard *Geographus* relate of a place in his Trauels, where the people are heal'd by Musicke: is that possible?

Med. O yes: Ile confirme it by mine owne experience: I knew a young Gentleman that marri'd a young Gentlewoman; who being extraordinarily faire, and he as melancholy, grew into a great ieaousie, that shee had made him a Cuckold, vpon which conceit, at the first but light, the strength of his melancholy and ieaousie working together; he fell into a strong perswasion that he had Hornes: the best Physicians were sent for, vs'd all medicines and inuentions to cure him, nothing preuail'd, whereupon they left him, intreating his wife to be patient, and expect his recouerie in time. Away they went, and none but a little boy was left in the roome to tend the Gentleman, when vpon a sudder there comes mee by, a Bag-pipe-player, at the sound of whose Pipe the Gentleman suddenly arose, leapes about the Chamber, beats his head against the wall, so long, till at last he had broke his face in diuers places that the bloud gushed out; vpon the effusion of which melancholy bloud, that had corrupted his braine and phantasie, the Gentlemans Hornes were beaten off against the wall, and the Gentlewoman became as honest a woman after that time, as any in *Europe*.

Poeta. In good faith, you Physicians are the onely fellowes in the world to tell Tales by Gentlewomens Bed-sides, whilest they are sicke.

Mus. I this Cure was by the effusion of bloud, but they whom *Geographus* told of, were healed without any such meanes.

Med. Ile satisfie you in that by another particularitie of experience: I knew another Gentleman, who being very sicke of a contagious disease, and finding no remedie by Medicine, the Physicians caus'd Musicians to bee brought into the roome and play; at the hearing of which Musicke, hee suddenly leapes and continu'd dancing so long, till the labori-

ous

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ous exagitation of his whole bodie, had by sweat and breathing dissipated the contagion.

Poeta. I wonder you Physicians doe not turne Trauellers, you'd haue an aduantage beyond them all, by making good your Relations, by giuing a reason for them.

Med. O by no meanes, Sir; for if wee should trauell into forren Lands, our skill would there faile vs; by reason of the difference of the Countrie, and our ignorance of their constitutions and dyer.

Astron. Musica, some drinke; mee thinkes, I haue not one iot of moysture in me.

Med. Musica, fetch none, shee shall drinke no more.

Astron. I must drinke, the World was not in such a combustion at *Phaeton's* driuing the Chariot of the Sunne, as I am in now.

Astrol. Come, come, *Medicus,* the stricknesse of your prescriptions must be dispenc'd with, a little.

Med. Will you spoile her, *Astrologia?*

Astrol. He warrant you, shee'l neuer dye of this disease; I haue calculated her Natiuitie, to know so much beyond your Art: the sixt House of her Horoscope, wherein all her diseases are Prefiguratiuely registred, promises a better issue of her sicknesse than so: besides, shee shall haue an happie Wombe, for I find in her Horoscope, *Venus* in her Exaltation, to wit, in *Pisces*, and *Iupiter* in the fifth House, the Radiation of *Venus* falling on the First House, and of *Iupiter* on the Eleuenth, *Luna* being in the Seuenth, illustrating the Fift House with a Sextile Radiation; shee shall haue a beautifull Daughter, her name shall be *Optica*: there shall appeare at her Birth foure Sunnes, and as many Rain-bowes, and the Ayre ouer-against these Rain-bowes, shall seeme to bee full of Looking-glasses, and in the middle of each Raine-bow shall appeare a Peacockes taile, which being reflected from the Looking-glasses, shall proiect an infinitie of colours in the Ayre.

Med. Astronomia, you goe too much, you'l neuer leaue your Walking, and if *Copernicus* were alieue againe, 'if aith hee'd make you stand still.

Astron. Some drinke. *She drinkes and fals.*

Music. Helpe, *Astronomia* fals.

Poeta. Marrie, Heauens forbid.

Med. I, here's your drinke.

Arith. Ah, *Astrologia*, you made no Reckoning of this sicknesse, I shall scarce e're trust you againe, as long as I know you: Come, let's haue her in, let's haue her in. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA IIII.

MAGVS, PHYSIOGNOMVS,

CHEIROMANTES.

NOW my sweet Deuils, I am euen sicke with expecting when *Medicus* will come and visit me: I feare, his physicke cannot worke vpon *Poeta*: that rogues Verses, I thinke, are a counter-charme against all our coniurations: a rope on his six-footed lowlie *Hexameters*: sure, the slaues skin is enchanted; the quilting of *Aiax* shield was but a thin Cheu'rill to it.

Physiog. Why, but doe you thinke 'tis impenetrable?

Magus. Oh, farre tougher than a Tanners: I haue heard of a Poet, that hauing beene buried a matter of two or three hundred yeares, has beene taken vp againe whole, without the least perishing of his skinne, as faire as any *Vellome*.

Cheiro. Nay, by this Hand, I hold them to be euerlasting villaines.

Physiog. And I know by his lookes, if he once settle his affection vpon a wench, hee'll pursue her more swiftly than euer *Apollo* did *Daphne*; for hee'll ouertake her before her *Metamorphosis*.

Cheiro. I, and I know the rascall to haue a soft and moist Hand, by which I also infallibly know hee loues: for take a Poet without his wine and his wench; and if he make nor drie, pitifull drie Verses, Ile forswear *Fortune-telling* as long as I liue.

Magus. But, I hope, that wench shall not be *Astronomia*.

Physiog.

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Physiog. Ne'r feare that: I have seriously obseru'd (taking an opportunitie the other day to looke on her) the whole composure of her Face; and first for her beautie, I must confesse it absolute; for there are the two causes of all beautie; a most exquisite Symmetrie, or correspondent commensuration of the parts; and an exact mixture of colours, which adds vnto the proportion an incomprehensible pulchritude: since which time, I haue taken a like view of *Geographus* and *Geometres*; now for their heights, *Geographus* is somewhat lower than shee; but *Geometres* is of her pitch iust; for the lines of proportion in their faces, I must confesse, I can hardly iudge which is most like her, well, I hope yet 'twill be *Geometres*, or if *Geographus* doe win her, 'twill be by his comely deportment: faith I wish him well, but wee must worke for them that feele vs in the fist.

Magus. Well, Rauens, croke here, and whosoe'r comes by, make a prey of him; in the meane time Ile to *Astrologia*, for I know not what's the reason on't, but my Spirits cannot informe me of any thing shee does, so that I must of necessitie to *Astrologia*, to know how things proceed: but there's one *Galilaus* an exquisite Mathematician, an *Italian*: whom I came very lately acquainted with, by admirable lucke; and he has promis'd to helpe me to a glasse, by which I shall see all things as perfectly represented in *Astronomia's* house, as if I were there: till which time I must take the paines to haue it by relation; but to your charge, to your charge; croke Rauens, croke.

ACT V S IIII. SCENA V.

PHYSIOGNOMVS, CHEIROMANTES,
SANGVIS.

Cheiro. **H**ere comes some body, *Physiognomus*; set a good Face on't and Affront him; and Ile set my Fingers a worke, presently.

Physiog. Hold thy Hands there, 'tis *Sanguis*, hee's of our side, stay a little.

Sang. Well, I shrowdly suspect my Master for this physicke:

sicke: but mum, I am o're-heard, I feare.

Physiog. How now, *Sanguis*? why dost thou blush so?

Sang. Doe I blush?

Cheiro. I'me sure thou look'st as red as fire; I thinke all the Bloud in thy body is in thy face.

Sang. Well, well, all your words will not make me a jot redder than I am: but, if you talke of blushing, I thinke you haue more need to blush, if you knew the report that goes of you.

Physiog. Of vs?

Sang. I, of you; but especially of *Cheironantes*.

Cheiro. Of me? what?

Sang. Nothing, but that you are a Cut-purse.

Cheiro. I defie mine accusers, and I call honestie it selfe to witnesse, that I get my liuing by my fingers ends.

Sang. Come, come, leaue these protestations: a bad cause is better defended by silence, than argument.

Physiog. Faith 'tis true; let vs be friends: and since thy Master *Medicus* has taught thee to Kill, wee'll teach thee to Steale: but honestly, *Sanguis*, honestly.

Cheiro. We three will set vpon the next man we meet.

Sang. I would 'twere *Choler* that broke my head t'other day: o' that condition, I'd stay; but my Master has sent me to *Magnus*. I must begone. *Enter Choler.*

Physiog. Nay, stay a little longer now, *Sanguis*: who comes yonder? doe you know his Face?

Sang. Well, you two will helpe me?

Cheir. My Hand shall be alwaies readie to help my friend.

Sang. *Choler*, I'me *Sanguis*, and here's my head.

Choler. *Sanguis*, I'm *Choler*, and here's my hand.

Enter MELANCHOLICO.

Melan. How? three against one? *Hercules* himselfe could not fight with such disadvantage: there's no ingenuitie in this; He take his part for pittie-like at auenture, be it right or wrong.

Physiog. O my nose, my nose——

Choler. He make you too *Sanguis* crie your Bloodie nose before I ha' done.

Cheiro.

Choler giues
Sanguis a box
on the eare, and
they fall to cusses.

He helps *Choler*

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Cheiro. O my hand! my hand! O you rogue, you bow it quite double almost.

Enter MUSICA with a packe and a bottle of drinke.

Music. Why men, beasts, furies, what doe you meane?

Melan. *Choler, Choler,* draw thy knife, and slit *Physiognomus* his nose.

Physiog. Ah you dull rogue, doe you kicke?

Enter PHLEGMATICO with a pipe of Tobacco.

Music. Oh, *Phlegmatico!* thou'rt welcome; but prethee throw away thy pipe; vnlesse 'twere one could make them dance after it, and so coole their furie.

Phleg. Why, ho!

Music. *Orpheus,* they say, by musike held beasts by the cares; let *Musica* then hold the beastly furies of you, that are now by the cares.

Phleg. Why, ho!

Melan. He has pickt my pocket. *Sirrah, Cheiromantes,* you *They leaue fighting.*
rogue, where's my hand-kercher?

Phleg. Nay, giue him his hand-kercher, I saw you take it: there, there is thy hand-kercher, *Melancholico:* why I thought thou hadst beene no fighter.

Melan. Faith, ingenuitie made me fight, when I saw three vpon one.

Music. Come, come, for shame, be friends; you shall all be friends before you part.

Melan. Nay, I'm angrie with no body: I did but fight, to make them leaue fighting.

Physiog. } Nor we; for the quarrell was not ours.
Cheir. }

Phleg. I thought 'twas *Choler,* and *Sanguis,* they still are prouoking one another: What hast thou in thy bottle, *Musica?* *Nepenthe* to reconcile the Gods?

Music. Faith here's drinke to reconcile these furies, if they will?

Phleg. Come, *Musica,* doe you beginne, and wee'll all dance after thy pipe.

Music. You haue spoke truer than you thinke, for there is a Piper comming after me, and some body else; they'll be here anon.

anon : well, here's to you all then. *Shee drinks.*

Melan. Phlegmatico, here's to thee. *Hee drinks.*

Phleg. Sanguis, here's to thee.

Sang. Cholera, here's to thee.

Cholera. Cheiromantes, haue at you.

Cheiro. Worke. (Cholera drinks) Physiognomus, will you taste this liquor?

Physiog. Play off: (Cheiromantes drinks) Well then, I am last, Ile drinke to you all; Ile leaue ne'r a jot: *(Hee drinks)* there, *Musica*, there's thy bottle.

Mus. Sanguis and *Cholera* shake hands; are you friends?

Sang. } With all my heart.

Cholera. }

Musica. Cheiromantes, they say, you can tell fortunes; is it true?

Cheiro. Trie me.

Musica. Let's know all our fortunes then.

*Cheiro. Come on, let me see your hand, sweet Musica: you shall be belou'd of two, a Courtier and a Scholer; you shall loue the Courtier more; but the Scholer shall haue you; and it shall so come to passe, that the Courtier shall afterward be your seruant: your husband shall be exceeding melancholy: you shall haue three sonnes; the first shall be call'd by his fathers name (but I know not what that shall be) and hee shall be extreme discontent and solitarie; and if he preuent a consumption, he may liue till fortie; for longer he cannot, being of a cold and drie constitution: the second shall be called *Timido*, and hee'll be in danger of being bit with a mad dogge; which if he scape, he may liue till fiftie: the third shall be called *Iucundo*; the other two tooke after their father; but hee'll take after his mother; hee will be exceedingly giuen to good cheere, musike, and women: he will be in danger of a Surfet; and of Fire; and if he scape these two, especially burning, he may liue to be an old man.*

Phleg. Tell me mine next.

Cheiro. You, Phlegmatico; 'twill be long ere you can get you a wife; yet you'll haue one, and one daughter; the child will die very young, of the blacke Iaundice, and your wife of the drop sic.

Phleg.

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Phleg. Sirrah, I saw you steale before, and now I heare you lie, you rogue.

Melan. Tell me mine next.

Cheiro. Ile tell you yours in your care.

Melan. Thanks, deare *Cheirromantes*.

He whispers in Melancholico's care.

Sang. Nay, and fortunes be so good that are told in ones care; Ile haue mine told in my care too.

Cheir. Thus 'tis then.

He whispers in his care.

Sang. Pish, this is no such fine fortune.

Chol. Tell me mine openly.

Cheir. Why, this 'tis: You, *Choler*, shall be somewhat happy in your wife: her name shall be *Pœnitentia*; you shall haue two children; and one shall take only after you, his name shall be *Furioso*. He shal die in his young age, in an Ale-house, of a stab in at the mouth, which shal passe thorow his tongue, and braines. The other child shall be a daughter; shee shall take after her mother; her name shall be *Lacryma*, a modest sober girl, and one that shall be well beloued by wise men.

Choler. Well, this is a prettie mixt fortune; now, what's thine owne fortune and thy fellowes?

Cheiro. Oh, starke naught, starke naught; Ile conceale them.

Music. Then fare you well; I can stay no longer.

Sang. 'Faith you shan't goe yet; what haue you in your packe?

Music. What's that to you?

Melan. Præthee, *Musica*, tell mee, what thou hast in thy packe?

Music. Why, because you speake kindly now, and intreat me, Ile shew you.

Mel. Hay, braue! what's here?

Sang. Morrice-bels?

Phleg. And waste-coats, and napkins?

Choler. Why, how can'st thou by them?

Music. Why, thus: my Mistris had beene ill a good while, and because I tended her very carefully; shee gaue mee leaue to recreate my selfe to day; and i'faith I light on merry companie, where they vs'd these jinglers: and when they had

L. done

done, they pray'd mee to carrie them home with this bottle of drinke.

Sang. Faith, and there were enow, wee'd dance.

Music. Enow? now I thinke on't, there's iust enow, there's six paire.

Sang. Faith wee'll to it then, but what wouldst thou doe, *Musica?*

Music. Why Ile play the maid *Marian.*

Sang. A match, a match: dresse, dresse, wee'll haue braue jingling.

Melan. I can't dance.

Music. Nay, prethee be not sullen, good *Melancholico.*

Melan. If I doe, Ile weare no bells.

Music. Why then lay one paire aside.

Melan. But I woun't dance now.

Music. Why, *Melancholico?*

Melan. I woun't dance, vnlesse I haue one of the wrought waste-coats.

Music. Why, now they haue put them on.

Melan. I care not, I woun't dance else.

Music. Come prethee, *Cheironantes*, slip off thine againe and change with him, *Melancholico* must haue his sullen humours. So, now we want nothing but the Tabor wee talk't of: but 'tis no matter, since he does not come, wee'll sing, and so make musike to our selues. Who can tune the Morrice best?

Enter an hobby horse dancing the Morrice, and a Tabourer.

Oh, here they are both, here they are both.

Cheiro. O my arme, my arme!

Sang. O my shinne!

Choler. Ah, murren on him; who the deuill's this?

Phleg. I haue hurt my brest.

Physiog. O the side of my face!

Melan. A rope on you, must you throw me quite downe?

Music. Prethee dance the morrice quietly with vs: vp, vp, ho, and wee'll dance.

Sang. A murren goe with you--- *Musica*, who play'd in the hobby-horse?

Music. No, I must not tell.

Sang.

They dresse
them selves.

The hobby horse
ashes on them,
and throwes
them all downe.

They dance
three times, the
hobby-horse ouer-
browes them all
gaue, kisses
Musica, and
winnes away
with the Ta-
bourer.

The Marriages of the Arts.

Sang. Come then, wee'l goe now to Barly-breake.

Phleg. I but there's one odde: what shall he doe? sit out euery time?

Mus. Yes faith, and giue a reason of the other three couples meeting.

Melan. Agreed: runne.

They run and meet thus: } *Sanguis.* } *Physiognomus.* } *Melancholico.*
 } *Musica.* } *Cheiromantes.* } *Phlegmatico.*

Choler. A murren on't, must I be the first man, must sit out? nothing angers me, but that.

Musica. Nay *Choler*, thou't fret and chafe now——

Sang. Come *Choler*, your reasons.

Choler. Why, thou and *Musica* are met together——because——Sanguine folkes are most fit for Musike and sports. *Physiognomus* and *Cheiromantes* met, because they fear'd wee would haue suspected they would haue pickt our pockets, if they had ioynd with any of vs——

Phys. We thanke you *Choler*, wee shall be euen with you, and't come to our turue.

Choler. *Melancholico* and *Phlegmatico* ioyn'd; because one's too dry; and the other's too moist; and so they'l serue for Medicines one for another: come runne againe: Ile be sure to catch some bodie this time.

They run againe } *Sanguis.* } *Choler.* } *Musica.*
and meet thus: } *Melancholico* } *Phlegmatico* } *Cheiromantes.*

Phys. I can tell you *Choler*, you had almost mis't this same time too. Well, to my taske, since 'tis my lucke. *Sanguis* and *Melancholico* met, because one's cold and dry, and the other's hot and sufficiently moist: *Choler* and *Phlegmatico* (haue at you *Choler*) are like a flap-dragon, or a peece of bread sopt in *Aqua-vita*, and then set a-fire——

Choler. Thanke you *Physiognomus*.

Physiog. And *Musica* met with *Cheiromantes*, because the hand in this sense, in respect of Musicke, may most iustly bee call'd the Instrument of instruments: and therefore most fitly to be coupled with it.

Choler. I'faith *Cheiromantes* you are beholding to him, he has grac'd you.

Phys. Come, runne againe.

they meet thus: } Cholera. } Sanguis. } Musica.
 } Cheiromantes. } Physiognomus. } Phlegmatico.

Mel. What? is't my course?

Choler. Hay! *Melancholico* will giue gallant reasons.

Sang. I, hee'l be exceeding witty, I warrant you.

Mus. Nay, I belecue hee'l giue incomparable reasons.

Cheir. Come on *Melancholico*.

Phleg. Let's heare the first.

Phys. He lookes as if he would giue profound ones.

Mel. What? doe you meane to abuse me? Ile giue none.
 Ile play no more.

Choler. That's a poore put-off i' faith; either play on, or
 else Ile call thee Block-head as long as I know thee.

Mel. Doe, doe.

Chol. Block-head, block-head.

Mel. Come, you sawcy Ass, because you are so hot, Ile
 take you downe: Ile propose a riddle.

Mus. Let it be a good one, and it shall bee for all the rea-
 sons thou shouldst haue giuen.

Choler. Yes faith, and't be a good one.

Mel. Well, take it as it is: Riddle me, riddle me, what's
 this? It is not, and yet we see it; 'tis like a picture, and yet 'tis
 no picture: and it was drawne by a blinde Painter.

Choler. This is impossible.

Sang. Nay *Choler*, you are too rash in your iudgement—
 It is not, and yet we see it, — why, it may be you meane
 honesty, which peradventure you thinke is no-where truely:
 but seemes to be some-where.

Mel. No, no, your coniecture halts.

Mus. It is not, and yet we see it? — If it had beene, It
 is not, and yet wee heare it; I could haue giuen a reasonable
 coniecture.

Mel. As how? I prethee.

Mus. Why, I could haue thought it to be Fame.

Mel. Indeed that had beene reasonable: but you see it is
 not so propos'd; neither could that hold with the parts that
 follow: well, to the next.

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Sanguis. 'Tis like a picture, and yet no picture? Ile giue a very strong coniecture at that.

Mel. Let's heare it.

Sanguis. Why, it may be a Gentlewomans face painted.

Mel. That coniecture is plausible, but 'twill not hold with the rest. To the last.

Sanguis. And it was drawne by a blinde Painter.

Choler. That's altogether impossible.

Sanguis. You're too quicke againe, *Choler*, I can conceiue how that may be.

Mel. How?

Sanguis. How? Why the Painter might lose his sight after he had drawne the picture, And so be a blinde Painter.

Mus. Pretty, pretty, pretty.

Mel. But you are out, Sir.

Choler. Well, what was't now?

Mel. Nay, since you are so hot, you shan't know.

Sang. Nay, prethee what is't.

Mel. No, I woun't tell it.

Mus. Nay, what sullenesse is this? Prethee tell. What is it.

Mel. I woun't.

Phleg. A pox on't, I long to know. Prethee what is't *Melancholico*?

Choler. Come, what is't, *Melancholico*?

Mel. Nay, I'me a block-head, I'me a block-head, *Choler*, 'pray what is't? your delicate wit, I doubt not can easily tell.

Choler. A rope of all sullen noddies: hee sees euery one greedy to know, and therefore out of a doggednesse conceales it.

Phleg. A rope, if hee had neuer propos'd it, it would neuer haue anger'd me. Will you tell, *Melancholico*?

Mel. Alas, I'me a block-head.

Cher. Well, wee'l wait his leasure.

Sang. I shall not sleepe for thinking on't, if he does not tell me.

Phleg. I shall dreame on't all night.

Mus. Good *Melancholico*, what is't?

Mel. Alas, I'me a block-head.

Mus.

Mus. Pish, why then Good block-head, what is't?

Mel. Nay, you woun't tell who danc'd in the Hobby-horse, you.

Mus. I'faith I will, if you'l tell this first, and sweare you will not be angry with him, for throwing you downe.

Mel. Nay, Ile know that first, and without all conditions.

Omnes. Doe *Musica*, prethee doe.

Mus. Ile tell you then in your care, *Melancholico*.

Mel. Nay, Ile haue it told openly, it concernes euery one as much as me.

Mus. Why then if you would know, 'twas *Phantastes*; that had bin at the same merry-making with me.

Mel. *Phantastes*! Indeed I haue heard hee's the onely fellow in the Countrey to dance in an Hobby-horse: but hee might haue vs'd his friends the humours better.

Mus. But you'l forgiue him I hope now.

Omnes. For thy sake we will.

Mus. Well. Now *Melancholico*, what is't?

Mel. I but *Musica*, you shall kisse me first.

Mus. Come on then.

They kisse.

Mel. Kisse me againe.

Mus. Why and againe.

Mel. And againe.

Mus. And againe.

Mel. Now you shall all recant the word *Block-head*, and say *Melancholico* is no block-head: say so.

Omnes. *Melancholico* is no block-head.

Mel. So, *Musica*, kisse me once more, and then Ile tell.

Mus. Why thus I doe, sweet *Melancholico*, that art no block-head.

Mel. Well said, you little rogue. Why now I'l tell you, It is the Raine-bow describ'd by *Homer*; but you shall haue it by parts: It is not, and yet we see it, — the colours in the Raine-bow are not true and very colours, but onely seeme so to be; as I haue heard *Physica* often say. It is like a picture, and yet is no picture, — that's manifest. And it was drawne by a blinde Painter, — *Homer* was blinde and a Poet, now a Poet as I haue heard my Master say, may fitly bee call'd a Pain-

Pain-

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Painter; as painting may be call'd Poësie in picture.

Choler. The illation is superfluous to apprehensive cares.

Musica. He remember this i'faith; where are my Bels, and Waist-coats, and Napkins? Well, now fare you well all.

Exit Musica.

Omnes. Farewell, *Musica.*

Choler. Farewell, Gallants; my businesse lyes this way too.

Exit Choler.

Mel. Who goes this way?

Phleg. That doe I.

Mel. Come on then; farewell, Lads.

Exeunt Melancholico, and Phlegmatico.

Cheiro. Fare you well: I'm glad they are all gone, I haue got somewhat.

Phys. What is't?

Cheiro. The paire of Bels which *Melancholico* would not weare.

Phys. I protest, I neuer perceiu'd, when thou did'st nimbe them.

Sang. Nor I.

Choir. Nay, I'ue the slight of the hand exactly; if I steale not somewhat where ere wee come, let me be hang'd: come, Boyes, wee'll haue some liquor for these Iinglers: i'faith, *Sanguis*, we must take a Cup or two before you goe to *Magus*.

Sang. I care not now for drinking.

Choir. Fie, fie, forsake thy liquor? 'twil breed good bloud:

Sanguis, 'twill breed good bloud: Come along Boyes.

Exeunt omnes

ACTVS IIII. SCENA VI.

POLITES in a Scarlet Gowne, Hood, and Cap with *Ermines*, a white Staffe, &c.

POLITES, *LOGICVS*, *GRAMMATICVS*,
POETA, *CAVSIDICVS*.

I Doe finde my selfe at this present affected with that which I should not touch a good Magistrate, an vnwillingnesse to doe Iustice: yet I professe it proceeds not from a desire to bee
iniu-

injurious, but mercifull; not for an ill-will to either, but a loue to both. Whilest heretofore, I vnderstood of this diffention, as I was somewhat cast downe with sorrow, so I was raised with an hope of happie reconcilment, but now that hope also which before was the cause of an vncertaine ioy, is become the ground of my most certaine grieffe; and the rather to see the state of our most blessed Commonwealth (which the gods haue decreed shall be eternall, if our selues hinder not) to be thus torne with our ciuill Discords. You are not ignorant of the miraculous meanes which the gods haue vs'd in rayting vs to this greatnesse: not by riches, but pouertie; not by plentie, but want; that what to others has beene the occasion of disgrace, has to vs beene the meanes of our present honour: It is the obseruation of the *Grecians*, *Tacitus*, and truest Oracle of *Greece*, *Thucidides*, that the *Athenians* Commonwealth was not rays'd to that glorie (like the rest of *Greece*) by the fruitfulnessse but barrennessse of the soyle: for which cause whilest the Inhabitants liu'd secure from the inuasion of Borderers, others growing rich, were at last consum'd by their owne dissentions: so that for the auoyding of publike disturbance, when any were afflicted, they retyred to the *Athenians*, with what they had left, before all were lost; who as they did partake of the *Athenians* securitie, so mutually offer'd to the *Athenians* the participation of their wealth: the like I may say of our present estate; we haue not sought vnto others; yet who haue not sought to vs? we had nothing, yet what want we, vnlesse it be a moderation of our felicitie? All other Mechanicke faculties, of whatsoever Corporations, haue they not forsooke themselves to retyre to vs? and yeelded vp their estates, which they thought unhappie, to receiue them as an happinesse from our bountie? I speake not these things vnto you as an instructor, but a remembrancer: Not to impose on you a new beleeffe beyond your experience, but to imprint in your mindes a iust consideration of your dangerous contention. I haue yet but begunne to speake; but sorrow is a bad Oratour, and I must continue my speech with a silent Rhetorike.

H. speaks this
aside to Causid.

Peet. Presse the abuse throughly, as I instructed you.

Caus.

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Caus. I warrant you, Sir.

Log. How now, Sir! What doe you whispering with my Lawyer?

Poeta. With yours? I'd laugh at that, i'faith.

Logic. With mine? I, mine, I'm sure I gaue him a fee.

Poeta. But I'am sure I gaue him a couple.

Polites. How now! what new contention's this?

Logic. And't please you, he abuses me before your face; hee bribes my Lawyer.

Poeta. Yours! hee's mine.

Logic. Thine? he's none of thine. He's mine.

Pol. He can be Aduocate but for one: aske him whose he is.

Logic. *Causidicus*, are not you my Lawyer?

Caus. Yes.

Poeta. How! thou Varlet! why? art thou not mine?

Caus. — Yes.

Polites. What new face of impudent villanie is this, which does appeare vnto vs? O thou Monster of a double tongue and heart.

Caus. Pardon, honour'd *Polites*.

Polites. Varlet, thou prophaner of Iustice! pardon?

Caus. Honour'd *Polites* —

Polites. Varlet, abuse not mine honest name with that mouth: with what face canst thou aske for mercy, vnlesse thou had'st another face too? with what tongue wilt thou begge for mercie, vnlesse thou hast a third! with what heart wilt thou manifest a truth of sorrow, vnlesse thou hast a third also? doe not speake, kneele, mutter; one Lawyer come to plead two causes? O new confidence! stand aside, thy absence peradventure might sooner cause vs to forget thy crime; than thy presence, though with most fawning dissimulation, to pardon it: *Logicus*, you are the accuser; propose your owne cause; then shall *Poeta* answer for himselfe; and lastly, *Grammaticus* your witnesse, shall alleage what he knowes. Begi me, *Logicus*.

Log. And't please you, *Grammaticus* was soundly beaten by this fellow *Poeta*, and, I forsooth, by his man a clogge-headed Rogue; but that riming Rascall set him on.

Polites. Fie, *Logicus*, fie, fie; how shamefully you wrong your selfe, by these vnseemely termes? besides, the Gentleman's worth is well knowne.

Logic. He's a Rascall to Me I'am sure.

Poeta. Fie, *Logicus*, fie; you see I give you ne'r a foule word, and that the goodnesse of my Cause, moues eu'n the Iudge in my defence.

Log. And't please you *Polites*, euery one counts him but a dissolute Rascall, and so hee has in all times beene held: but for my facultie, what age euer flourish't in which that flourish't not?

Poet. Nay, *Logicus*, you haue little reason to say so, I can tel you: for if we take a view of the most illustrious Age, that euer the world enioy'd, which I thinke to be the time of the twelue *Roman Casars*; wherein Armes and Learning were at their height, you may obserue Poetrie to haue beene most famous, embraced by Emperours, admired by all who laboured to haue their names amongst the Learned. But for Logicians, alas, (I must speake the truth) as their names were vnkowne, so were their ende uours buried in obscuritie: Indeed those times were thriftie, and actiue: but these, out of a wanton softnesse of a daintie sloth, doe onely spinne out these Spider-webs of curiositie; and it hath beene often my meditation, to haue an amputation of such Excrescencies, and to cause that our youth, which is to bee Instructed for future vse, should not consume the strength of their wits, in an iniurious labour of fruitlesse vanities. I doe not denie a iust knowledge of your facultie, to be most necessarie, and our selues therein to haue an aduantage of former times: but yet, alas! how many thousand famous Oratours haue there beene without Logicke? how many eternall Poets without Logicke? whose diuine eloquence could speake beyond all Logicke; without all Logicke.

Enter M V S I C A.

Mus. Reuerend *Polites*, necessitie has impos'd a bad message vpon me, though vnfit: *Astronomia* is in a trauance, and onely the Heauens know whether or no she will againe recover. (I knew it boded no good lucke, that all my Lute strings crack't last night of their owne accord.)

Polites.

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Polites. All the gods forbid; ah deare *Astronomia*, grieve vpon grieffe still: Indeed *Musica*, thou wast an vniuersall Messenger for such sad newes: for this contention, it must rest vndecided till another occasion. *Causidicus*, I warne you to bee in a readinesse to appeare, when you are sent for.

Exit Polites. Exit Musica.

Causid. Pardon, good *Polites*, honour'd *Polites*, good *Polites*, pardon.

Exit Causidicus.

Logic. *Grammaticus* what thinkest thou of this departure? is it not prettie?

Gram. By my faith, I could make a bad Construction of it: this may bee but a tricke; well, *Poeta*, I perceiue you haue some Inuention.

Poet. You abuse the integritie of our Honourable Iudge.

Log. Thou talke of integritie? goe, goe, thou art a crackt Pitcher, a broken Pisse-pot. *Polites* talkes against Logicians; when as your Logicians are the onely Schollers in the world: but the best is he does but talke against them.

Poeta. The onely Schollers? the onely Dunces.

Logic. Sirrah, Dunces?

Poeta. Yes Logger-head, Dunces: doest thou murmur? thou know'st not the Letters of thy Alphabet yet.

Logic. How you Slaue?

Poeta. Nay, neuer make a Vizard of thy scuruie face: I say thou know'st not the Letters of thy Alphabet: haue not I heard thee say? *Omne A. est B. Omne B. est C. Ergo Omne A. est C.* and indeed I thinke there is a like reason, for *A.* may as well bee *C.* as *B.* but fare you well Blockhead, fare you well.

Exit.

Gram. And my *Choler* were here, hee'd haue him by the eares: come let's begonne, here's nothing to be done: are these your Law-cases? a murren on them, they are Dative cases to the Lawyers; but Ablatiue to the Clients.

Log. Come, come; I'm sure our case is in a fine Predicament: I thinke we haue beene put off long enough: i'faith all Law-cases shall hereafter be no more put in the Predicament of Action; but of *Quando*, of *Quando*; a plague of these Lawyers.

Exeunt Log. & Grammat.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA VII.

MEDICVS solus, with an *Vrinall* in his hand.

WHY so; this is good: I haue brought my selfe into a fine case: I must be a Poysoner, I: and to get my Liuing must lose my Life; blessing on my wise pate in the meane while. And to obserue the wittie reuenge of the gods; that this intended Murther should come forth by mine owne man *Sanguis*, from whom in Policie I conceal'd it: well, I perceiue Bloud is Open-mouth'd and will tell all: but since it is not much knowne, and that I am not as yet accused to *Polites*, and now requested to helpe *Astronomia*, Ile take the happie occasion, and vse my best art to cure her, and so if shee scape, I may peraduenture scape too; obtayning pardon for my recompence——let me see——by this water I doe finde the state of her bodie much alter'd, and her disease chang'd. There was an *Astronomia* that I once had in cure before now, and she was of the very same constitution, had the like disease, and the like turning in her head; now she dyed, and afterward we made a dissection in her head, to see what was the disaffecti- on of her braine, which when we had done, we found all her braines turn'd to a matter much like cleere Ielley, or a Chry- stalline Orbe: but I hope all such suspicions of this *Astronomia* are Fables----but stay----what's the rellish of her vrine? (*hee tastes it*)----Pah, naught, naught: oh, who would be a Physi- cian to taste these things? 'tis worse than to be a Salt-pecter- man, and digge in a Priuie house---but what smell has it? (*he smells to it.*) Foh, worse, worse, I cannot endure it, [*he throwes away the Vrinall, and breakes it.*] *Astronomia's* of a faire complexion her selfe, I wonder that her Vrine should be so darke; 'tis of the colour of a Cloud. Well, I see shee's verie corrupt within, and I feare 'tis this *Astrologia* has powder'd her; to giue her a Potion at the mouth will not doe much good; for 'twill be so long in descending, that the power of it will bee much debilitated; I conclude then, it must bee a Cly- ster, a Clyster; and so Ile ia, to administer it: well, if I scape this Scowring cleanly; Ile neuer come in the like Pickle a- gaine, whil'st I breathe.

Exit Medicus.

ACTVS

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

POLITES, in a blacke gowne, a blacke sattin suit, a blacke beaver with a gold hat-band, with a white staffe, &c.

POLITES, PHYSICA.

YOU see, I haue in part describ'd the worthy parts of *Geographus*; and doubtlesse 'tis pittie any cowardly young-man should spend the strength of his best age in the murmurings of discontent. I can say no more, and you may——

Physica. Nay, I must needs approue of such commendable parts in him; but I haue euer thought your Trauellers like vnto *Meteors* which wander in the Aire, and their loue in particular like the shooting starre, which onely lasts till the fire is spent, and then falls downe againe with a swift precipitation: but I'm sure my *Astronomia* is of a more Fixt desire.

Polites. I, but I'm perswaded he will be so regular, hee will neuer goe beyond the prescribed bounds of her will; come, you shall see, shee will so encompasse him, that he shall neuer get out.

Physica. Hee must, and shall then turne away his man *Phantastes*, that has incited him to entertayne all his vncertayne courses.

Polites. Will you be willing, on that condition, to yeeld your consent, that he shall haue her?

Phys. I will.

Polites. Well then, Ile hasten a speedie celebration of this marriage: for Ile make him discard his *Phantastes* immediately; 'twas somewhat tolerable to entertayne such a giddie Counsellour, whilest he was vnmarrried; but hereafter assure your selfe he will be more stay'd: and consider, *Physica*, that though he haue been a Traueller, yet hee is now come home; and I hope not only to his Countrie, but to himselfe.

Physic. Well, your wishes and my counsels will worke vpon him, I trust; and Ile be sure, he shall neuer stirre abroad, but *Astronomia* still shall haue an eye to him.

Polites. Come then, let's in.

ACTVS V. SCENA II.

GRAMMATICVS, RHETORICA.

FAirest *Rhetorica*, will the pride of your beautie still tyrannize? will it be still in the *Imperative Mood*? and shall my languishing desire be alwaies in the vnhappy *Optative*? let me goe a little further, and come at last to the *Potentiall*.

Rhetor. Yes, faith, you shall goe further if you will, to the *Infinitive*: I am not in the *Mood* to be wooed now.

Gram. Ah, dearest *Rhetorica*, I cannot chuse.

Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori.

Rhetor. I wonder at this, *Grammaticus*: that you hauing brought Loue vnder a Rule, cannot notwithstanding rule it.

Gram. *Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Rhet. But why should you torture your selfe so with loue?

Gram. Torture? O but 'tis a sweet, a sweet torture.

————— *In Genitiuo*

Id tibi dulcedo faciens dulcedinis, illud

Demonstratq, propago, propaginis: adyce virgo—we learne this in the very Schoole.

Rhet. I thinke they are happy that neuer marry.

Gram. Oh, 'tis the right of nature: *Fanus iust a petit, petit & sponsalia virgo.*

Rhet. If then women desire so much to marry, why is *Amor* of the *Masculine gender*?

Gram. Because women are not so much loue it selfe, as the cause of loue in men.

Rhetor. I, but me thinks, they should be afraid of *Acteons* fortune.

Gram. Indeed—*Est cornus cura sinistri*: but that's not alwayes: 'tis but a *Redundans*, and therefore wee put it among the *Heteroclitēs*.

Rhetor. Well, Sir, my necessarie departure must cut off the End of your discourse by an *Apocope*. *Exit Rhet.*

Gram. I, but 'tis a *Prothesis* to my discontent: O, see the scorne of ioue: shee flies away.—*Nec vult Panthera domari*—well if I were rich enough, I durst lay the losse of her, I'd gaine her: but 'tis mony must goe first; and therefore,

now

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now I thinke on't, it runnes so in the rule — *Diuittiaque*
Neptis item — for riches must be the Vsher, — Oh! but who
would fall in loue? before, I had a little Vnderstanding; then
I fell mad in Loue, and now I doe nothing but waste my selfe
with a fruitlesse Sloth; why this 'tis — *Intelligo, diligo, Neg-*
ligo tantum — and yet I can scarce hope, and yet I must loue.
Naturam expellas furca licet, vsque recurret. Exit Gram.

ACTVS V. SCENA III.

MAGVS, ASTROLOGIA, PHYSIOGNO-
MVS, CHEIROMANTES.

MY great gods protect mee; but the last night was a
dreadfull night vnto me.

Astrol. Why? had you any terrible dreames?

Magus. Worse, worse: my spirit *Glassialabolas* appear'd
vnto me, and being skilful in the knowledge of future things,
most louingly has foretold mee of great danger comming to-
wards me; and hee said it would happen when I did least su-
spect it, and amongst my acquaintance too; hee appeared in
his wonted shape like a Dogge with the wings of a Griffin,
but he loekt most horridly, most horridly: and mee thought
when hee went out, there followed him foure, iust like to vs
foure for all the world.

Astrol.

Physiog.

Cheiro.

simul. Like to vs foure? alas!

Magus. Iust like to vs foure; and they cryed exceedingly
as they went: and I ventured to call him backe againe, but
he would not come.

Astrol. I wonder I wakt not; why did you not tell me of
it before?

Magus. I protest I was in a doubt whether I should tel thee
at all or no, it was so terrible.

Astrol. Why, you're of my mind iust; for I had an vnto-
ward dreame, and was verily resolu'd not to tell you, but now
I will: mee thought I and *Astronomia* fell out exceedingly a-
bout *Geographus*, because shee kist him, and mee thought shee
forb

forbade me her house, and that her mother *Physica* did so reioyce at it, which anger'd mee most of all. Indeed I doe not like the effect which I see the heauens likely to produce ere long, against some-body, but I hope 'twill not be to vs.

Cheiro. In good faith, I had the prettiest dreame that e're you heard, mee thought as I was about to picke a fellowes pocket, hee stroke mee quite thorow the hand with a knife, and leauing the knife in my hand, thrust his hand into my pocket and pickt it, and so punisht me, as I haue punisht others many a time.

Physiog. I roth, and as I was going to bed last night, there stood in the chamber window a looking-glasse; and as I came by, chance to lay my hand downe there, the eandle not standing farre off, I saw my face in the glasse, but in good faith me thought I look't so wanly and so scruily----and indeed I haue heard them often say, 'tis ill lucke to see ones face in a glasse by candle-light.

Magus. Well, let then all our ill iucke come together, if it will: indeed *Astronomia's* perfectly recouer'd, and I saw but now *Geographus* and her with *Polites*; which can bode no good: and afterwards I met with *Geometres*, and he passed by, without saluting me, but look't sullenly towards me: I know not what's the matter; but I feare me, hee has scarce learn'd the rule of friendship, to keepe secrets. Well; come what will, we will not accuse our selues by a foolish retirednesse or feare; and if we should chance to be conuented, wee must be very obedient, and that will argue an innocency: and let them proue what they can, it may be they can proue nothing, and then we are free; if they proue the worst they can, and condemne vs to death, we'll patiently heare our sentence of condemnation; but when they are about to carry vs to prison, then you shall see my art: [*he takes foure rings out of his pocket.*] See, here are foure rings, there's each of you one, and here's a fourth for my selfe: put them in your pockets, and when your condemnation is pronounc'd, and they thinke to carry vs away, priuily slip those rings on your little-fingers, and then crie aloud *Glassialabolas* three times, and we shall all foure immediately become inuisible.

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Astrol. }
Physiog. } simul. Hay braue! we stand aboue fate, and the
Cheiro. } heauens.
Magus. Come, now let's goe securely.
Physiog. } Long may great *Magus* liue: long may great
Cheir. } *Magus* liue. *Exerant omnes.*

ACTVS V. SCENA IIII.

POETA, PHANTASTES.

I Protest, *Phantastes*, I'm sorry for thee; but thou know'st
I haue a man alreadie, and one that loues mee very well,
Melancholico.

Phant. Yet, dearest *Poeta*, if you will vouchsafe another
also entertaynment, *Phantastes* shall be readie at your com-
mand.

Poeta. How farre hast thou trauell'd with *Geographus*?

Phant. Too farre, Sir, to be cast off now: why, about the
world, Sir; or to speake the truth, I haue gone further than he.

Poeta. Say'st thou so?

Phant. Yes, Ile assure you, Sir: and I can acquaint you,
Sir, if you please, with one particular attempt of mine, where-
by I out-ventur'd him.

Poeta. What's that?

Phant. Why, Sir, in our North-voyage being come to the
vtmost part in all *Finmarchia*, to the North-cape (the Longi-
tude thereof is well-nigh fiftie degrees, and the Latitude al-
most 73.) being then past the Articke-circle about six de-
grees, and so by consequent being in a paralell Spheare, *Geo-*
graphus durst not venture any further; and there was, Sir, at
that time in our company, a great Magician, (I haue forgot of
what Vniuersitie) which Magician and I, leauing *Geographus*
vpon the Land, vnder-tooke (being so neere) to discover the
parts directly vnder the Pole.

Poeta. But what was your deuice against the cold?

Phant. Why, Sir, besides excellent fures we had, we had
also hot waters to preferue our heat within: but at last wee
were come so farre, that wee were faine to come out of our
ship

ship vpon the ice, and then the Magician being also an exquisite Geometrician, got the ship vpon the Ice, and then made wheelles for it, and an artificiall Engine to make it goe of it selfe; you may see proportionally the like deuice in your Puppets that will goe and turne of themselues. The ice then being smooth, the ship went forward of its owne accord, till wee found our selues to haue past the Arcticke circle twenty three degrees full. Then were we halfe a degree iust from the Pole: there we met with a most furious sea, that scornes to yeeld to the vsurping cold: when the Geometrician takes me off the wheelles, and forth we lanchted, and so sail'd till wee came to haue the Pole it selfe for our Zenith; and then we beheld a dreadfull rocke.

Poeta. How did yee then?

Phant. Why thus, Sir: when the Magician saw this, he immediately drawes a booke out of his Pocket, and falls to reading; when straight-way all the sea about vs was as calme as a fresh-water riuer amongst vs: and the ship went no faster than we would haue it our selues; and so without any danger we came to the rocke; vnto which making a shift to fasten our ship, wee ascended: it seem'd as blacke as any Pitch: vpon the top of which (for we went to the top) there ascended an huge Pillar: which on the lower parts seem'd as blacke as the rocke; but still in the Ascent it grew whiter, and whiter; and indeed the whole pillar seem'd to vs very Ice, but that it was at the lower part blacker, and it was as bigge as ordinarily any tower among vs; and at the bottome of it there was a passage to goe in. We went in, and being entred, there were two paire of staires, the one descending, the other ascending: for we found the pillar to bee hollow, and our sight could not discover without-side how high it was: wee went downewards some dozen or twenty staires, where wee heard a most hideous noise, that our hearts failing vs we came vp againe.

Poeta. And what did you come away then?

Phant. No, Sir, we then went vpwards, and in our ascent we still found open places to giue vs light and Aire; as bigge commonly as a doore; and we ascended so far, that at last the

Sunne

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Sunne shin'd vpon vs, as it does here, and then it grieu'd vs to thinke we were to goe backe such an vncouth way againe; wel, we went still higher, and at last looking out at these doores, and seeing that part of the world that lay towards vs, (being a fine Sun-shine day,) we saw a very terrible battell, fought betweene the *Turke* and the *Persian*, wherein the *Turke* was put to the worst: but now the Magician growing weary, and desirous to know how farre this Pillar ascended, he held by the side of the doore, and lookt vpwards, but with the feare suddenly fell downe: and there was the vnhappy end of my companion. This pillar doubtles we coniectur'd to be the Pole, and the way to heauen; and the staires that descended, the way to hell, and to the other Pole. With this accident I being halfe affrighted, with a trembling at the wonders of the gods, humbly descended.

Poeta. Alas! what did you doe in that case being alone?

Phant. Why, Sir, when I was come downe, the sea was still calme; and so I vnfastening the ship, sail'd the Ice, and according to the instruction I had learn'd of the Magician, I got it ouer the Ice; and without any danger return'd to *Geographus*.

Poeta. Mee thinkes you should haue had but Cold Comfort to be in that place alene.

Phant. I protest vnto you, Sir, simple as I stand here now, I did it then. Now, Sir, wheresoeuer *Geographus* comes, he equally bragges of this attempt as his also; but I vow by my former dangers and present griefes, the discoverie was made onely by *Magus*, and *Phantastes*; and the relation by *Phantastes* onely.

Poeta. And is this the reward which *Geographus* hauing now gotten enough, giues vnto you? especially you hauing fau'd his credit hitherto in not discovering also his lying arrogancie? 'tis inhumane ingratitude.

Enter *ETHICVS*.

Ethicus. (to *Phantastes*) How now weather-cocke? what wind blew you this way? (to *Poeta*) Why, wise man, haue you neuer a fitter Companion than this traouelling gallant? [to *Phantastes*] Pray be so mannerly as to trauell a little aside; I must speake with *Poeta*.

TEXNOTAMIA, or

Phant. Alas Sir, Ple not disturbe you; when a man's once downe, I perceiue he shall be trod vpon. *Exit Phantastes.*

Ethicus. How now? what would this fellow haue with you?

Poeta. A seruice.

Ethicus. Yes faith, you should entertaine euery mans cast-off. Come, are you ready with your Maske you promis'd *Polites* at the Celebration of *Astronomia's* marriage? all the chiefe of the Common-wealth will bee there.

Poet. Yes I wil attend vpon their ioy and mine owne grieffe: I haue made a maske aforehand; for I foresaw long agoe *Geographus* should haue her; I haue kept my promise; but 'tis but short, as my discontent would giue me leaue: and the boyes that are to act it, haue learned it at once reading ouer, and *Melancholico* has drest them by this time I thinke.

Ethicus. Come, let's in: I hope ere long to come to your wedding and *Historia's*.

Poeta. Mine? alas! I'le resolue now to liue and die a maid: *Historia* shall register me vp among her examples of virginitie.

Ethicus. I, and thy verse make her immortall: come, let's goe; but thou mak'st me laugh, a Poet die a maid? I neuer knew any of the brood yet, so chaste. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS V. SCENA V.

MEDICVS, CAVSIDICVS.

Medic. **N**AY *Causidicus*, your state cannot be worse than mine; for I'm in a terrible quandarie, more shacking than an Ague: 't had bin better I had taken the poyson my selfe, for so I might haue tooke a Vomit, and peradventure got it vp againe; but I shall neuer be able to Purge my selfe of this infamy.

Causid. Faith *Medicus*, and I thinke no mans case can be likely worse than mine owne: for it had beene better for mee if I had pleaded ne'r a cause, rather than two. Well, I feare by this double fee, I shall purchase the fee-simple of a knaue, as long as I liue.

Medicus.

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Medicus. Indeed I doe not well see how you will be euer able to plead againe now your tongue's clouen; and yet I remember there was a famous Lawyer, that riding to plead two or three causes (iust as you would haue done now) vnhap- pily fell off his horse, and falling on his chinne, his tongue by chance doubling in his mouth, he bit it quite thorow, and yet by good lucke I cur'd him.

Causid. Nay, for my tongue, that will doe well enough: but 'tis my cares that I feare: I would I had but a Lease of mine owne life for them.

Medic. Faith, witty great crimes are like a consumption, they are easily to be cur'd when they begin, but hardly dis- couer'd; and easily discovered when they are ripe, but hard- ly cur'd: and therefore I feare we shall be both cut off as des- perate Members.

Causid. Well, yet let's keepe possession of our states as long as we can; and that must be by this meanes. If we be call'd to our accounts, not presently to confesse, for the veriest theefe will at the first plead, *Not Guiltie*: and yet wee will not too stiffely stand in our innocency, that so there may be a way left for our pardon.

Medic. Well, let's hasten in to the celebration of the mar- riage; for wee're expected before this time; my heart's almost at my mouth with feare; and Dances, me thinks, as if it were at the wedding alreadie.

Causid. This *Polites* is a subtill fellow, and he'l take vs when we little thinke on't; but wee'll goe voluntarily, and so hee shall not need to send out a *Capias ad respondendum*, for vs.

Medicus. Well, I thinke when all comes to all, our best meanes to wash away these faults, will be our Distillation of teares.

Exeunt Medicus & Causidicus.

ACTVS V. SCENA VI.

[The Musike playing, these enter.]

POLITES, in a scarlet gowne, hood, and cap with Ermines.

POLITES } GEOGRAPH. } PHYSICA } ETHICVS.
 } ASTRONOM. } } OECONOM.

POETA, GEOMETRES, GRAMMATICVS, LOGICVS,
 MAGVS, MEDICVS, HISTORIA, ARITHMETICA,
 RHETORICA, ASTROLOGIA, MUSICA,
 MELANCHOLICO, SANGVIS, CHOLER,
 PHLEGMATICO.

ALL happinesse attend the Nuptials.

Omnes. All happinesse attend the Nuptials.

Polites. Physica, you now behold the blest vnion of your dearest childe.

Physic. And with ioy, thanks to the gods and most honor'd

Polites. Enter PHANT.

Choler. How now, sirrah? what doe you here? you serue no body here, get you out againe.

Phant. I woun't, Sir: they say here's a maske to be seene.

Choler. Woun't you, Sir? Ile trie that.

Polites. What's the matter there?

Choler. Why, and't please you, Sir, *Phantastes* is shifted in here to see a maske, which he sayes, he heard should be here, but he is deceiu'd, and I'd haue him out againe.

Polites. Come, let him alone, let him alone, this once; hee'll sooner shift to see such a toy than a better thing: but wise-mens marriages now-adayes can be thriftily celebrated without Fiddlers.

Phantast. Sirrah, now I will stand here in spight of your teeth.

Choler. You may thanke *Polites*, or else i'faith I'd ha' trounc'd you.

Polites. Silence: Since the gods haue afforded vs the happinesse of so frequent an Assembly, I thinke it the next happinesse

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pinesse to vse a preuenient discretion, vpon this offered occasion, for the reformation of some dangerous abuses, which most stealthingly haue crept into the common-wealth: and therefore are the more dangerous, by how much they are the more secret. *Magus* and *Astrologia*, depart the Bench.

Magus. } Wee?
Astrol. }

Polites. Obey, or iustice shall be violent to inforce you. *Choler*, are the two rogues, *Physiognomus*, and *Cheiromantes* apprehended, as I gaue command?

Choler. Yes, Sir, and at hand.

Polites. Let them be brought in then; and with them *Causidicus*. *Exit Choler.* *Medicus*, leaue the bench.

Medic. I? who's my accuser?

Polites. Thine owne actions, and thy man *Sanguis* shall cry lowd against thee.

Enter CHOLER with CAUSIDICVS and PHYSIOGNOMVS, but drawing CHEIROMANTES.

Choler. O the gods! and't please you, *Polites*, this little rogue *Cheiromantes* being vnwilling to come, as I was drawing him, pickt my pocket. 'S bones, these Varlets are worse than witches, for they say when they are in hold, they must leaue their deuill, but a man had as leife haue the deuill in hold as these, for they'l haue his mony in hold, or it shall scape 'hem hardiy.

Polites. *Physiognomus*, and *Cheiromantes*, doe you know this Gentleman?

Physiog. } Yes, Sir.
Cheiro. }

Polites. And did you neuer know a purse of his?

Cheiro. I protest vnto your Honour, there was nothing but a few idle papers in't, but not a peny of mony.

Poeta. Oh the impudence of villany! by the reputation of a Gentleman, I put five pounds of gold into it the morning before I came forth; or else *Poeta's* a Feigner.

Cheiro. Sure then, Sir, you put it forth againe before you came forth.

Polites. Well, your owne confession proclaimes your guilt;
Justice

*He points to
Poeta.*

Justice, therefore awards you this sentence. Thou *Physiognomus*, that thou maist neuer looke any man in the Face more, shalt be burnt in the fore-head for a Rogue, that so euery one may know thee by thy *Physiognomie*-----*Cheiromantes*, since thou hast had a Hand in this matter too, thou shalt bee burnt in the hand, and then both of you shall be banished the Common-wealth of the Sciences.——*Choler*, take them away.

Phys. Tush, Ile but paint my Face afterwards.

Cheiro. And Ile quickly bite it out of my hand againe.

Physiog. } Wee scorne to scape this punishment. *Exeunt*
Cheiro. } *Choler, Physiog. Cheiro.*

Polites. *Geometres*, did not *Magus* offer by Magike and loue-cups to procure you the loue of *Astronomia*?

Geom. Yes, Sir, he did.

Polites. And *Geometres*, did not you see *Astrologia* at the Banquet at *Ethicus* his house, cast a powder into *Astronomia*'s drinke?

Geom. I did Sir.

Polites. Why then, iustice must proceed vpon you.

Magus. } We yeeld our selues to your Honour's mercie.
Astrol. }

[*Geometres* comes to *Polites*, and whispers him in the eare, then returnes to his place.]

Polites. *Melancholico* and *Sanguis* lay hands vpon them presently, search their pockets, and take out certaine Rings if they haue any.

Magus. } *Glassialabolos, Glassialabolos, Glassialabolos.* Oh

Astrol. } violence! Oh violence!

Mel. Here's one Sir.

Sang. And here's another.

Geom. I, these are they. *Magus* himselfe acquainted mee with this deuce: for, these Rings put on their little-fingers, and those words repeated thrice, would haue made them inuisible immediately.

Omnes. O strange!

Geom. Now honour'd *Polites*, you may proceed.

Polites. *Magus*, because thy profoundest villanie was wrought by a Circle; in stead of an endlesse punishment like thy
thy

Melanch. and Sanguis search their pockets by force, and take out Rings.

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thy Circle, here thou shalt bee broken vpon a wheele, and afterwards the gods no doubt will adiudge thee for euer to supply *Ixioms* roome, by turning his wheele. Thou *Astrologia*, shalt not as yet be determin'd on, but cast into a close Prison, that thou maist neuer more behold the Heau'ns, but bee tortur'd continually with a perpetuall anxietie, and expectation of thy fate.

Geogra. Nay, honour'd *Polites*, let me begge *Magus* his life.

Astron. I; and I, that *Astrologia* may enioy the benefit of the Heauens, libertie.

Polites. I may not without a danger to the Commonwealth.

Geog. Then let *Geographus* obtaine the request on this condition, that they vndertake a voluntarie traueil, in stead of an inforc'd banishment.

Polites. Depart then the Commonwealth for euer.

Magus. } Wee goe. Heauen and Hell conspire *Magus* and
Astrol. } *Astrologia's* ruine; and yet they will not ruine vs.
Exeunt *Magus* & *Astrologia*.

Polites. *Medicus*, did not you send Poyson in stead of Physicke to *Poeta* being sicke?

Med. And't please you, I know not whether it were Poyson or not: I sent *Historia's* owne seruant with a *Recipe*, to *Galli-pot* mine *Apothecarie*: and if it were bad, 'twas his villanie.

Polites. Well, as if he had any reason to haue done so, without vnder-hand notice from you? doe not depriue your selfe of an hope of pardon by an vniust pretence of innocencie.

Med. Good *Polites*. [*On his knees.*]

Polites. What canst thou say for thy selfe, that iudgement should not proceed against thee?

Medic. Honour'd *Polites*, vouchsafe to heare mee speake: with griefe I acknowledge mine offence, but it was need first made mee bad: I was at the first an *Apothecaries* man, and keeping a note of *Recipe's* that came to my Master, and inquiring of the bearers the disease of the Patient, I afterward turn'd Physician, but I neuer administred any Physicke but
such

such as I found in my Papers: and then, for fashion, I fell to reading some Physick-booke: and though I could not iudge of them, and make vse of them, yet I by them did learne to talke with my Patients in their sicknesse.

Polites. Oh, the confident ignorance of beggerly *Empiricks*! Well, stand aside a little: *Causidicus*, can thy two tongues make one honest defence for the iustifying of thy selfe? what canst thou alleage that iudgement should not proceed against thee?

Caus. My Booke, honour'd *Polites*.

Polites. Thou canst not haue it.

Caus. Honour'd *Polites*——

Polites. Thou canst not haue it.

Caus. Then vouchsafe, I beseech you, to heare me speake. I likewise must accuse Pouertie of my first guilt; 'twas need also that first made mee bad: I was at the first a Sumner, then got to be a Scriuener, then a Lawyers Clarke; and these were the first steps of my fortune: and since I haue beene a Lawyer, (alas!) such haue beene my wants, that hauing no Clyents to saue my credit, I haue pretended businesse, and gone vp and downe with a Pen and Inke-horne by my side, as earnestly as if I had a doozen Causes to plead: when (alas!) I had scarce bread to liue on, that, I protest vnto your honour, Fortune had quite out-law'd my estate.

Polites. Well then, I award thee this mercifull iudgement: because, *Causidicus*, after seuen yeares practice of the Law (for so long thou hast, I know not how iustly, gone vnder that title) thou hast deseru'd to hold vp thy hand at the Barre, when thou shouldst haue beene the defender of Iustice, thou shalt hence-forth be call'd a *Barrister*; till by thy honest pleading you redeeme your selfe from that name; and hereafter when any of thy Profession plead Causes, they shall, in the admonishing remembrance of thy crime, plead at a Barre---; and that thy pleading of two Causes may bee remembered; thou shalt weare, &c.—— For you, *Medicus*, because you did happily recouer *Astronomia*——

Astros. Indeed he gaue me a very good Clyster, Heauen knows.

Polites.

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Polites. Wee pardon your offence: and thus vpon your Good behauiour wee will suffer you both in the Common-wealth; but with this caution, that if euer you come by your Learning to any degrees in the Vniuersitie of our Common-wealth, (that you may for euer bee distinguished from other men) because you haue not beene found *Viri quadrati*, Square and vpright men; you shall bee inioyn'd to weare Round Caps.

Med. } A like mercie still attend *Polites*.
Causid. }

Polites. But, *Medicus*, see you loue your man *Sanguis*; though this your crime was detected by him: I say, *Sanguis* is an honest seruant, and more faithfull to the whole Bodie of the Common-wealth, than any one Corrupt Member. Depart, and hence-forth abuse not our mercie.

Med. } Long may *Polites* liue most honour'd; long may
Causid. } *Polites* liue most honour'd. *Exeunt Med. & Causid.*

Enter *C H O L E R.*

Polites. Thus, as in naturall bodie, the first way to health, is by remouing all more dangerous corruptions; and the second, by reducing the humours to a compos'd temperature: the first is alreadie perform'd, and now it remaines that wee temper our selues. Most honour'd Citizens, I am not ignorant either of your contentions or loues: the first of which, as I would labour to dissolue: so to vnite the last; if your selues will be pleas'd but to referre the composing of your differences to my vnpartiall censure.

Omnes. We are pleas'd, Reuerend *Polites*.

Polites. The gods adde the happinesse of successe to my determinations. First, then *Poeta*, *Logicus*, and *Grammaticus*, you shall bury all former contentions in a perpetuall *Amnesia*, or obliuion, and then I thus proceed: For you *Geometres*, I am sorrie that that Villaine *Magus* did so farre seduce you; but we all reioyce at your recouerie: and since *Geographus* has obtain'd *Astronomia*, embrace you courteously the loue of *Arithmetica*. I'm sure euer since you haue both beene of yeares of discretion, you haue beene acquainted: and besides, *Geometres*, there is not any man in the World, whom shee makes

more account of than your selfe : and therefore I will not say, *ut ameris ama*, loue her, that she may loue you; but *Quia amaris ama*. Loue because you are first lou'd; nay, 'tis a iust gratitude, which also is a loue, and so you shall double it. Briefly, if there be any point, *Geometres*, which you stand vpon, know you remaine still at Ods; but if you embrace the loue of *Arithmetica*, you'll be at a perfect vnitic.

Geom. Well, *Polites*, *Geometres* shall bee Rul'd by you this once; come, *Wench*, sure I must loue thee, I euen long to take thine Altitude.

Arith. And I trust we two shall be alwaies Euen.

Polites. *Poeta*, you haue partly yeelded to mee in priuate a consent to the embracing of *Historia's* loue, which if you shall publikely confesse, and so confirme, you shall not only get a Wife, but a friend; and what honour *Polites* may doe to *Poeta*, loue and opportunitic shall vnitedly performe.

Oeconom. I; consent, wild-head, consent: shee'l make thee more stay'd.

Poeta. I yeeld: *Historia*, my loue shall more inseparably follow thee, than the *Hexameter* the *Pentameter*; or the *Adonick*, the *Sapphick*.

Historia. Why, thus did *Xerophon* and his Loue ioyne together.

Polit. As for you, *Grammaticus*, I vnderstand of your great affection to *Rhetorica*; who though shee loues *Logicus*, yet because hee loues not her mutually, (which must be required betweene such paires) and that *Rhetorica* had shewed some kind of affection toward *Grammaticus*, with my best desires I will ioyne you two; and the rather to induce a willingnesse in you, *Rhetorica*, I would haue you not forget, how *Grammaticus* and you haue beene brought vp from Children together, and Schoole-fellowes, and take this for a rule: Change not an old friend. Yeeld *Rhetorica*, yeeld, let *Physica* intreat thee.

Rhetor. Why then, *Grammaticus*, at this double request; without any Circumlocutions or Figures, I plainly offer vnto thee my loue.

Gram. Why then, dearest *Rhetorica*, *Qua nostros vidisti stentis ocelos*. Thou doest not onely gratifie *Polites*, but also *Physica*,

The Marriages of the Arts.

sua, and Nature her selfe: for, *Commune omnium animalium est coniunctionis appetitus procreandi causa.*

Polites. You *Logicus*, if you'll leaue your contentions, ha-
uing no desire, as I perceiue, to marrie——

Logic. I care not for marrying; I see no good Foundation,
for any such Relation.

Polites. Wee will assume you for your approued vnder-
standing——

Logicus. I, I should be sorry if I had not a good vnder-
standing——

Polites. As an assistant to our selfe. For your man *Phlegma-
tico*, if he will win *Polites* his loue, let him leaue his Tobacco.

Ethicus. I, and learne more manners, for I am sure he wants
them.

Polites. And *Grammaticus*, for your man, let him bridle his
Choler. Now my counsell shall be, that you, *Ethicus*, and *Oe-
conomus*, would vouchsafe to giue good aduise to *Poeta* and
Historia: and you, honour'd *Physica*, to your happy children
Geographus and *Astronomia*: for *Grammaticus* and *Rhetorica*
their Tongues will alwayes agree, and then I thinke they can
hardly fall out: and for *Geometres* and *Arithmetica*, I likewise
know they will be very Regular, and now all's compos'd; and
yet, now I think on't, it is not, for yonder *Melancholico* stands
sad, and alone, amongst all these matches: and yet it is better
thought on, yonder's *Musica* too: now surely a fit match;
but they shall be henceforth for their ingennitie, both exempt
from seruitude, and made ioynt fellowes with our selues.

Melan. Thanks to *Polites*: come, my little *Minikin*, thou
and I will be play-fellowes.

Musica. Faith Ile haue Dancing at my wedding, what ere
comes on't.

Phant. I beseech you, *Polites*, suffer not a seruant through
want to be lost, and come to an ignominious death.

Poeta. I (alas!) *Polites*, let *Poeta* obtayne so much for
Phantastes: that hee may be seruant to *Melancholico* and
Musica.

Polites. I yeeld vnto it.

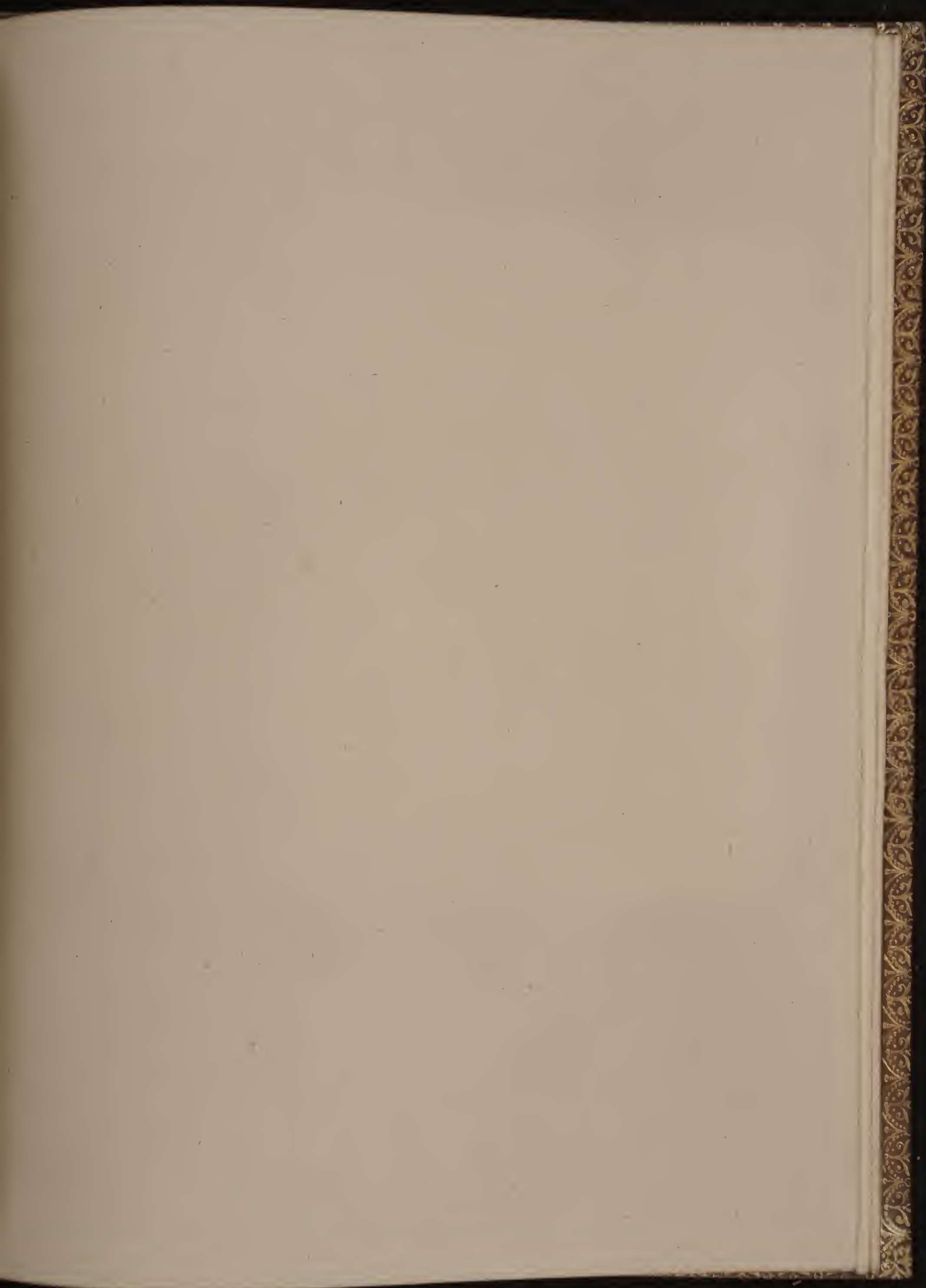
Phant. And I trust I shall please my Master, and Mistis,
beyond imagination. *Polites.*

Polites. And now most honour'd Citizens, when our aged and retired Prince *Metaphysicus* (whole Deputie only I am, and from whom, as from our Soueraigne, wee hold all wee haue) when, I say, he shall heare of these happy combinations, what a content may we conceiue he wil conceit at the report? and for your selues, you may more easily enioy your felicitie, than I expresse it; and my endeouours also shall not receiue a small encouragement, when the Royall bountie of his Maie-
 stie shall take notice, that these things were done by me.

Poeta, you shall giue me leaue, for conclusion of my speech, to vsurpe two Verses, which I haue heard you often speake.

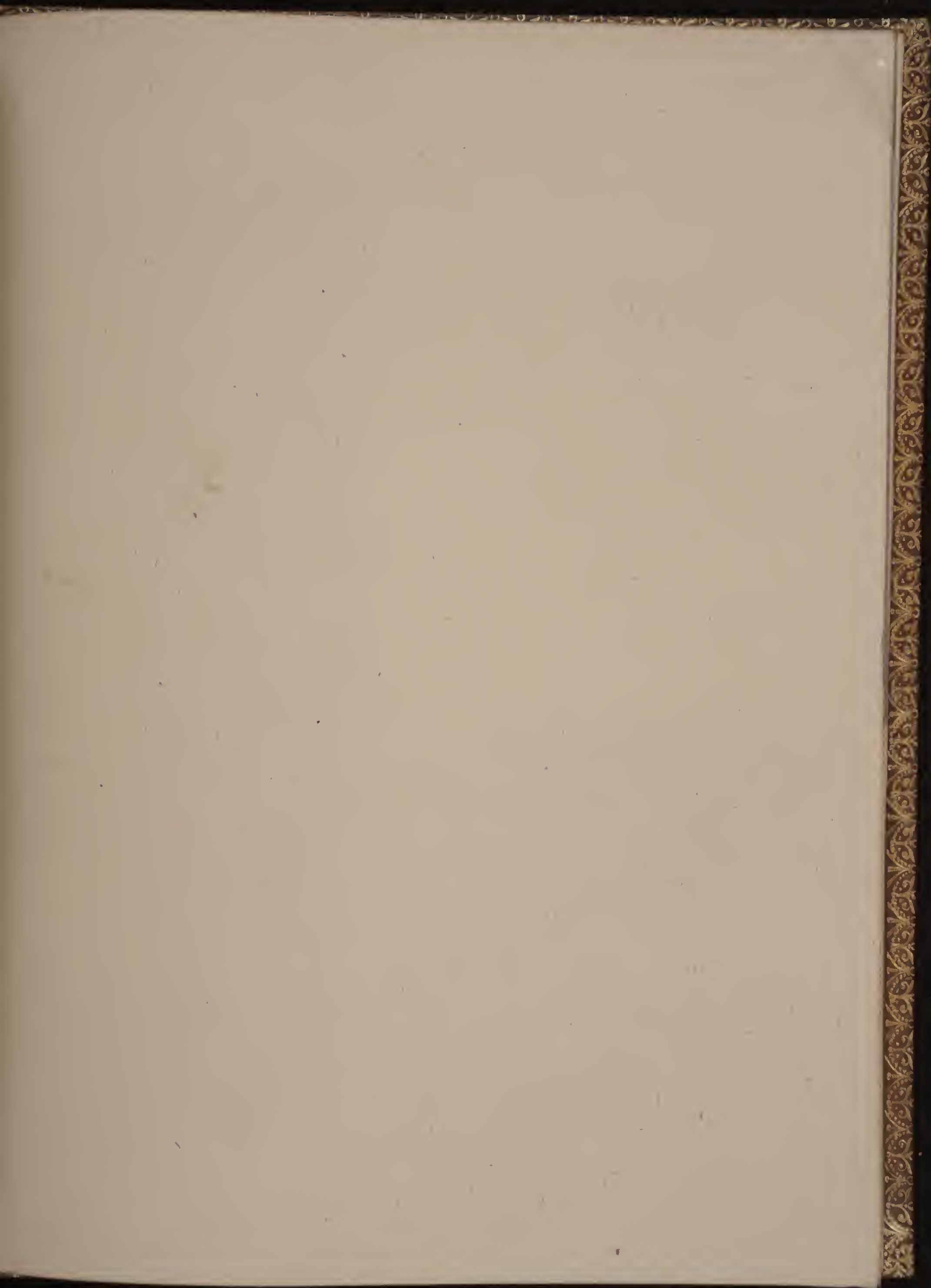
*All Subiects labours faile, if Princes frowne:
 The Princes fauour is the Subiects Crowne.*

T H E E N D.





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